TRUE WEST

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February, 1975

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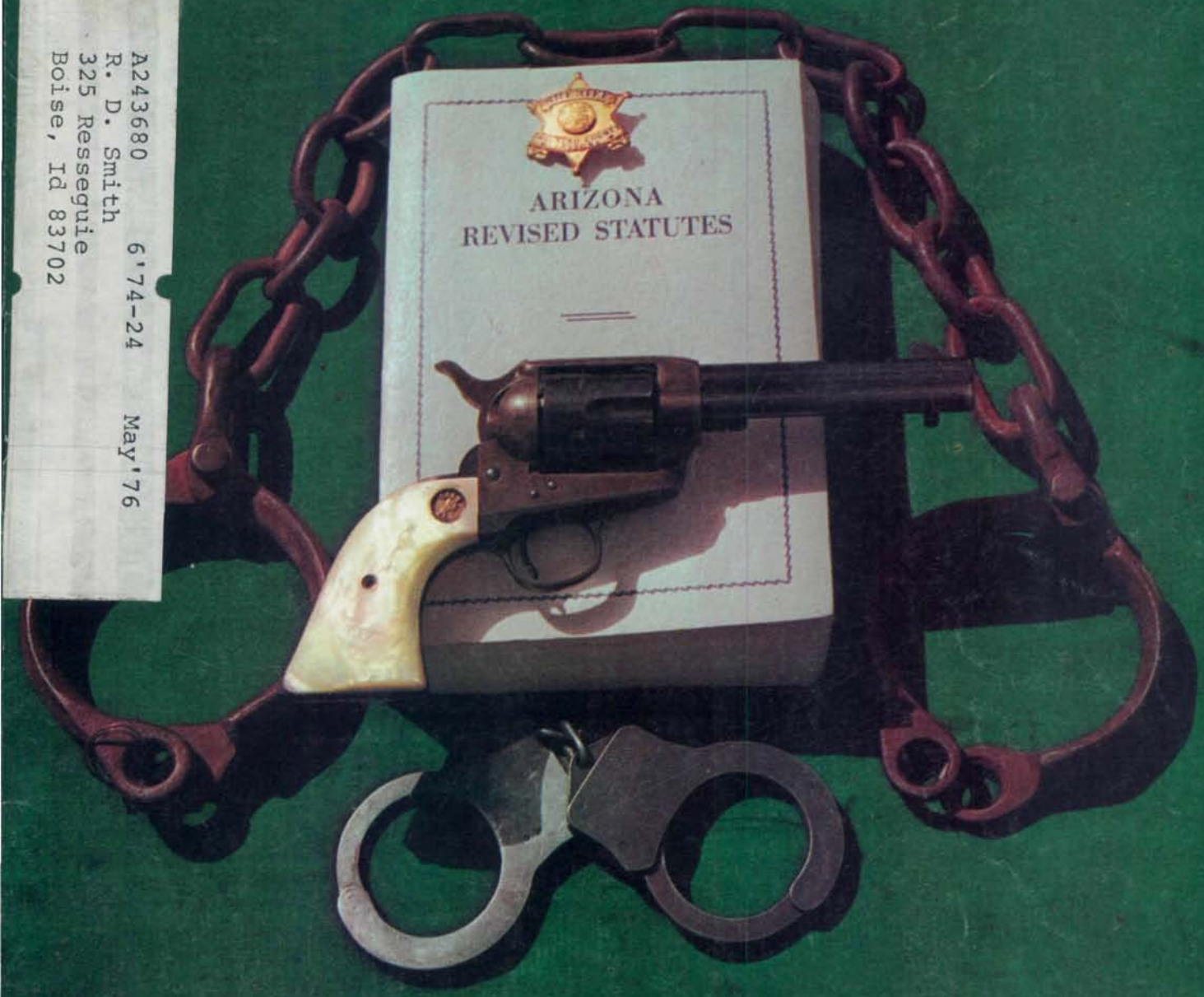

WANTED POSTERS

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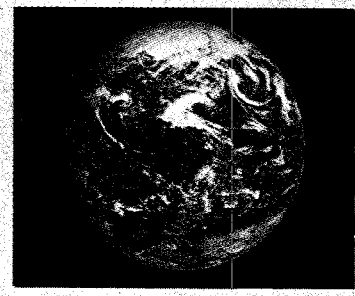

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2

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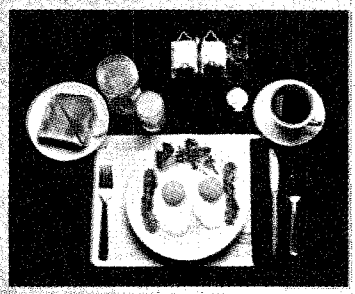

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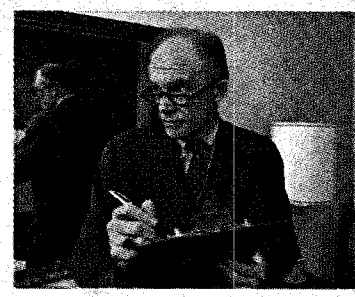

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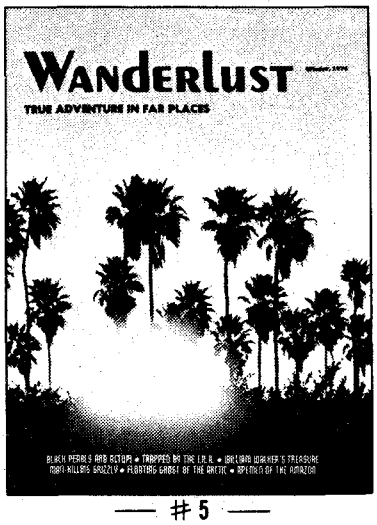

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January-February, 1975
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Whole No. 127

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, General Mgr.

Mary Sanders, Editorial Asst.
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

EDITORIAL 3
TRULY WESTERN 4
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... The Old Bookaroos 6
THE SECRET OF THE GROSCHES ..... Peter J. Kaltenbach 8
WANTED POSTERS ..... Philip S. Arkow 12
THREE SECONDS IN EKALAKA ..... Andy Sonnek/Bob Atkinson 15
HELLISH YEARS AT ASHURST RUN ..... Maurice Kildare 16
THIS WAS TAHLEQUAH ..... Luke Cosgrave 20
RAZORBACKS ..... Bill Brett 24
BEHOLDEN TO A SHEEPHERDER ..... "Old Cowboy" Ed Wright 27
NEVER BY CHANCE ..... Submitted by William F. Mendenhall 28
CARL COLLINS COULD TAKE IT FROM SCRATCH ..... George DeSpain/Eve Ball 34
WILD OLD DAYS 38
TRAILS GROWN DIM 42
RHOADS' WEST ..... Fred Rhoads 64

Cover: Cecil C. Richardson

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True West

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Sonofagundoggone!

I AM SORT OF disappointed in a way. If that left eye goes all the way out I could put a black patch on it and maybe even effect sort of a dashing, Romeo-ish look. Every man would like to be worldly, adventurous, and exciting to the point that merely swishing by some lovely young thing would electrify her pulse to a near shameful degree. This kind of knighthood atmosphere about a man blots out years like a thirsty horse sinking his head over his nose into a cool bucket of water. If you want to go far enough, you could even indulge in seeing yourself, spraddle-legged, hand resting on a cutlass in a cavalier manner—pirate's getup. Then there is even the cattle rustling—badman angle. . . .

Somewhat reluctantly, I think that I must forego this chance to be a globe-trotting heart-stopper if the encouraging treatments that Dr. Wootten Brown work out as they seemingly will. I was told by an expert on the retina that I had only a one-third chance to see out of that left eye, which makes a body feel lower than the taproots of thirsty Johnson grass scrounging for water during a drouth. Of course, you would want to add the fact that a cataract is forming in the other eye and it is only a matter of six months to a year when it will have to be whacked out and I'll run the same chance of seeing only one color in it, if the same complications arise.

In case you are a new reader (and thank God for every one we have!) I mentioned something about eye surgery in a former piece and the letters are still pouring it about it. I didn't want to bore anybody with details but I am amazed at the number of kindred souls who have had something wrong with their eyes and can feel along with you through your miseries. Even those who haven't had eye trouble write in sending their hopes and prayers that things will go along all right, and after so many of those it touches a man right here.

So, assuming that you are interested, I am explaining a little more in detail since it is cotton-pickin' heck to turn letters out like I used to—and we have had a rule around here a long time to answer every letter the writer wants answered.

It all started out as a simple cataract operation. Naturally, I was amazed to learn that I had them in both eyes and made the stunningly "original" remark, "Doctor, I thought only *old* people had cataracts!" It seems that people beginning even in their twenties have cataracts these days. It is generally just a very simple operation, and seldom any complications. But old Hosstail never gets by that easy. If there is a 5% chance of complications, by golly, I'm going to get complicated!

Actually, what happened is too complicated to complicate further here, especially with a complicated mind like mine is right now.

TWO HOURS LATER. If the above seems a bit facetious, even silly, I agree. To tell the truth I was just sitting around home talking to you all on a little old dictating machine to pass the time till my doctor's appointment. I had been told that it would help clear those microscopic cysts that keep me from seeing anything through my left eye, if I were to take a series of cortisone shots *inside the eye*. Now, there are five things that are a part of me that I never wanted cut on or a needle stuck into and my left eye is one of them. So I was sort of whistling in the dark like a little boy going through a dark forest when I was writing the above. There wasn't a soul in the house to talk to except you all, somewhere out there in this troubled world, but I learned a long time ago you readers can take my mind off anything!

Well, this is a last minute follow-up. I have just returned from having that needle pierce the inner eye and I can give a sort of hollow chuckle and say it wasn't so bad after all. The more I go to this doctor, the more respect I have for him—he is going to cut an impressive swath in the medical world before he throws a wide shadow.

Enough regarding my physical troubles right now. I just want to say that until you actually *believe* that you are slowly going blind, you don't know what a tremendous relief it is to have hope again.

Now, I am going to give all of you who read my "thank you note" in the January FRONTIER TIMES a chance to turn the page and read something really worthwhile. But there are some who read FRONTIER TIMES but not TRUE WEST, and vice versa, and I just don't want to miss the chance of *most* sincerely thanking *every one of you people* for what you are doing for us now. I wrote the following a month ago but it is just as timely as it was then.

Thanks A Heap, By Golly!

THE TIME I am writing this is early September and things are popping all over the world. Just about everything you hear, read, or think about is BAD. This confounded inflation thing has even got the Bull Durham rollers worried. (For you youngsters, Bull Durham was, and maybe still is, a tobacco that you rolled on your own and it makes a plumb fair cigarette. Better than smoking grapevines anytime.)

Inflation has already got two magazines in our field and several more are looking around for somebody to make them an offer. So I think it is time to thank you readers for what you are doing to help *us*.

I am feeling so good about the letters we are receiving now that I may get a little silly, so please bear with me. Even with "hard times and depression" being mentioned on the newscasts and in newspapers, our subscriptions, book orders, back issue orders and the whole works are holding up. The only thing that has dropped some is our newsstand sales. If we can hold them where they are—or maybe get them boosted up a little, we can weather out the dadburndest storm, depression, and anything else except a complete downfall of the nation—which we just can't afford to let happen. If everybody starts running scared, *it could.*

You know, for years I have asked our readers to "Pull 'Em Out!" on the newsstands since a magazine just can't sell if it is covered up. You have done a wonderful job on this. Some of you good folks have possibly gone a little too far and put them up in front of the really big magazines—and that sort of makes the distributor cuss under his breath because he wants them to stay in the general vicinity of where they are but he doesn't mind them being *uncovered.*

Here is an example that just came in twenty minutes ago of the kind of help that will see us through just about anything. In our letters department and in my so-called "editorials" we try to keep too many "Your magazines are terrific, wonderful, the best thing that has happened since (fill in anything that you think is the best thing that has happened since. . . .)" because that's pretty monotonous stuff for the average reader. But here is this one, just about like it came in.

"Dear Joe and all, Thank you wonderful people who publish the best western magazines I've ever read. That old FRONTIER TIMES (Hunter's) is absolutely outstanding.

"I have lived in this neighborhood about a year and find your magazine not displayed in the most prominent space. Therefore, I found a *front* shelf about four and a half feet high. I made room for all three of your western magazines displayed together. In about two weeks they were all gone. Today I looked again and that spot is still vacant so I am

(Continued on page 49)

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Truly Western

Harry Carey

A Western writer by the name of Robert L. Cotton sent me the June '74 issue of TRUE WEST which contained the most authentic biographic article about my father that I have ever read. There were a couple of minor mistakes but other than that it was a real honest piece of writing. It was written by Glenn Shirley and because of the nature of some of the facts in my father's life, I would like very much to know the main source of his material. Thanks so much for honoring my beloved father.—Harry Carey, Jr., 4957 Matilija Avenue, Sherman Oaks, California 91403

Harry Carey

Al Dankel

I just read "A Six-Figure Hermit" in the April '74 issue of TRUE WEST. It wasn't too long after Al Dankel moved to his last place that I found out a little about him but it was quite awhile before I saw him. I used to live about six miles northeast of his place. The past few years I have worked on the Miles Davies ranch. My summer job is to care for the cattle and keep up fences there. Davies' summer cattle pasture bordered Al Dankel's place. When I got near Al's place I could often see him walking in his pasture. Sometimes he would come over to the fence where I was and we'd talk a while, then Al would walk on. He seemed to be up on the late news and even though he was a little strange he seemed to be in his right mind. One time as I was getting close to the end of Al's pasture he came by and I remember him saying he might not be there another year. We probably talked for half an hour. I think it was a stolen auto that hit Al. A similar car was found abandoned near the Kansas border.

George Sprague lived near Paul Monahan's place. The pictures with your story were taken of Al standing beside the panel truck that George had at that time. George died a few years before Al was killed.—Carl R. Smith, Deer Trail, Colorado 80105

The Picher District

I've just read the August TRUE WEST and enjoyed it very much. Naturally, the one story most interesting to me was the one about my cousins and grandfather on page 24. I was disappointed that our last name was not spelled correctly. It should be Waddle—like a duck!

I would like to add some corrections and additional information. My grandfather, Bill Waddle, owned a horse-drawn, horse-powered drill rig and drilled water wells for farmers in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. His crew was my cousin George L. Coleman and my grandfather's brother, Charlie Waddle. They charged a dollar a day, and the farmer had to feed the horses and the drill crew and also bunk them for the night. There were times when my grandfather didn't get home for six weeks to two months. Some of the farmers were so poor that the only food they could give the drill crew was turnips three times a day.

When they were at home on their farm in Miami, Oklahoma, George Coleman lived with Grandpa and Charlie. My grandma, Mrs. Delta Waddle, sewed patches on George Coleman's pants.

When Grandpa, Uncle Charlie and George Coleman were drilling a water well for a farmer at the southwest edge of what is now Commerce, Oklahoma, they discovered a tremendous vein of very rich zinc and lead ore at about 130 feet deep. They were to keep this a secret among themselves and lease the ground later so they could start a mine in that area.

George Coleman, without Uncle Charlie's or Grandpa's knowledge, went to Charlie Harvey, Jim Robinson and his brother, Al Coleman, and together they raised enough money to sink a shaft at what was then the Turkey Fat Mine and Mill. This is now a big hole in the ground and there have been many cave-ins. When Grandpa came around to get together with the others, he found that George Coleman, Jim Robinson, Charlie Harvey and Al Coleman had already started the operation. They told him to just sit back for awhile and when they got it going real good they would cut him in on his share. At this writing, my cousins, George and Al Coleman, Jim Robinson, Charlie Harvey and my grandpa are all dead.

I called my cousin, Mrs. Ruby Church Lashley, in Joplin, Missouri, who is also a cousin to George and Al Coleman, and she confirmed exactly what I have told you here. She is 72 years old and has papers and documents about mining and the Coleman and Waddle families. Her side of the family was related through George Coleman's wife, Jessie.

If at any time any of you or Mr. Wills happen to be in this area of our Big Tree Country (we are about 100 miles south of the Oregon border, at the north end of the Sacramento Valley) give us a call on the phone or stop in.—George Waddle, 3124 Sharon, Anderson, California 96007

Author's reply: Although from my earliest memory I knew all of the men in my story, I stand guilty and corrected on the spelling of Bill Waddle's name in the Picher District story. Bill was a good friend of my grandfather, Jim Robinson, and was my friend, too. My observation would certainly be that Bill never thought he had been cheated, for all of the men in the story, including Bill Waddle, enjoyed a lifelong reputation for honesty, integrity and reliability. Mrs. G. L. Coleman, still living and a long-time friend of mine, was pleased with the story. I was pallbearer for G. L. Coleman. Mrs. Coleman is the "Jessie" referred to by Mr. Waddle.—Dick Wills.

Nevada Dick

I noticed the obituary in the August '74 issue for Edward Maxwell Dickey, "Nevada Dick." I knew Dick for more years than I care to remember. We wrote to one another quite frequently. I received a letter from his daughter, Charlotte Dickey Peebles, telling me that Dick had had a bad stroke. It sure broke me up. Dick used to make my shirts. He was first-class in his professions—Western tailor, writer and cowboy. I have a picture of him taken many years ago before he was double-harnessed. I really will miss him.—Sam L. Lazar, 4547 Stevenson Blvd., Fremont, California 94538

The Rebus

I was fascinated by Louise Riotte's article in the June 1974 TRUE WEST, showing the old-time rebuses. Being a "puzzle nut" myself, I immediately went to work on the one which had no solution and below I will show the results. I have doubts about one or two words—but with what has already been done toward solving the puzzle, maybe an accurate solu-

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tion can at last be had. Here is my answer to it:

When you are hunting soap it's an excellent plan
To remember that Star is still in the van;
Of the dirt in your wash it ne'er leaves a trace
And it will not damage the finest lace.
Alway demand Star is our advice to you;
Tis a first class soap and a handsome one, too.

As the authors of the puzzle did on the second rebus, I will explain my thoughts as follows:

W--hen U--R hunt---ing soap its an X---cel (door) ent plan 2---re (arm or member)--T hat Star is still inn the van (delivery) Of the dirt in pitcher--or ewer, (pronounced your)--wash it ne'er (as authors did with an "N" and and ear in the other puzzle) leaves (two leaves) a trace--(a trace chain hitched to a single tree) And it WILL knot dam---age the fi---nest of lace. Al---way---s D man D Star---Is Our--Ad---vise--- 2 Yew; Tis a 1st class soap and a hand---sum---1, 2.

I sweated over the word "class" in the last line. The drawing looks like some children and a "schoolmaster" to me! Maybe it could also be "1st line soap," or 1st grade soap. The real puzzler to me is why the children are standing—that is perhaps the key to that one word—and hopefully it shows better in the original from which this copy has been made. Being very technical about it—whatever that word is—whether "class," "line," or "grade"—or whatever—it should also be described as "handsome." You see, can a class be handsome? Can a line? A grade?

I noted the children were standing straight and erect, neatly dressed—each carrying something—maybe a slate? Thus could this group not be labeled "handsome"?

The group also looks like a singing group but all the words I can think of such as "glee," "chorus," "chorale," "choir" etc. did not seem to fit. And besides, the "Master's" stick seems too long for a baton—more like a pointing rod. Of course, the line of children are there to suggest a word denoting the quality of Star Soap together with the word "First"—such as first grade, first-class—and so I settled for "class."—Bert Brackett, 3847 Seneca Street, Stow, Ohio 44224

Reviving Old Memories

In the June 1974 TRUE WEST you had a story about a pair of spurs. They attracted my attention because my brother, Ted Weber, was riding for the Sanford Ranch at Eagles Nest east of Harden, Colorado in 1915 and '16. He had a pair of spurs identical to the ones pictured, that were given to him by a man who was in Canyon City at the time. My brother is now dead but my wife says my son Clare of Sheridan, Wyoming, still has the spurs.

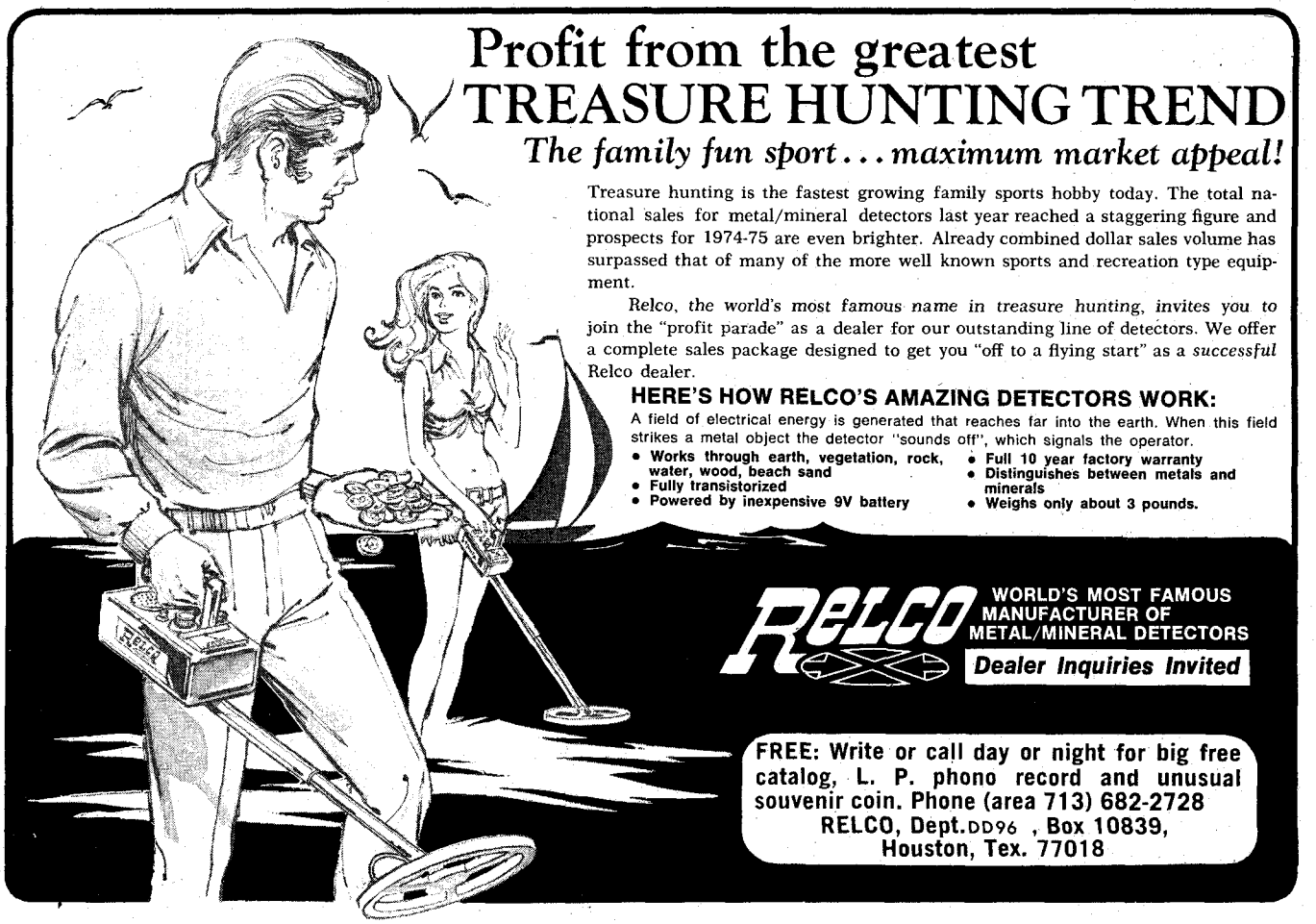
Hardly a copy of your magazine comes out that does not make reference to some happening or some person I know about: Goldie Griffith or Cameron (Milt Hinkle used to mention her so many times in his writing); and the other night I ran across Buffalo Vernon's name. In 1917 and 1918 he borrowed our chubby mare to bulldog with. We had some good stampedes at Fort Morgan, Colorado in the late teens. And my wife, Marg Woodward, told me the story of the Villisca ax murders, almost word for word, at least forty years ago.—A. W. Weber, 10808 W. Baseline, Lafayette, Colorado 80026

Playing Hunches

I read Agnes Wright Spring's "A Hunch About That Yellow Stuff" in the August, 1974 TRUE WEST—and I wish I'd had a hunch about it back in 1925! I helped to build the U. S. Vanadium Mill at Rifle, Colorado in 1925 and also set up a diesel engine and compressor at the mine on Rifle Creek. The miners had some beautiful samples of high grade carnotite. Pieces of wood looked like hard sulphur, but were more canary colored. That is when I should have staked some claims, but I did not have a hunch.

Later, I worked for a mine and mill equipment company in Grand Junction, Colorado and serviced compressors and mine equipment on many uranium mines, and at the Vernon Pick and Charles Stien Mines in Utah. These were two of the richest discoveries in the district.

(Continued on page 32)



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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WILD RIVERS!

River running with canoe, kayak, or raft is one of America's more rapidly growing sports. In *Wild Rivers of North America* (E. P. Dutton and Company, $12.95) Michael Jenkinson, with photographs by Karl Kernberger, tells how to run 115 magnificent, wild waterways in Alaska, Canada, United States, Mexico and even in Honduras and Nicaragua. All are wilderness rivers—rivers that are truly wild because they flow through wild or back country and are not flanked by road or railroad. Most have white-water rapids, but some are relatively peaceful. Jenkinson is an old hand at river running and for each waterway he provides details on such essentials as guides, equipment, places to enter and leave the river, danger spots, and highlights of the run. Seven appendices give still more guidance as to outfitters, white-water organizations, boat builders and distributors, sources of maps and river-running information, and a bibliography of selected additional reading. His advice is sometimes starkly practical as, for example, the description of a wild stretch of the Animas River in Colorado. "If skilled you may enjoy this stretch. If not you may drown." River runners and those who aspire to this sport should find this book invaluable, but it is more than a guide to river running. For each of eight rivers and the Boundary Waters Canoe Area there are chapter-long accounts of their great scenic beauties; of their early exploration; of the Indians, trappers, prospectors, and others who have lived on their shores and still do; of the plants and animals that can be seen; of legends, yarns and river lore; and of the author's own exciting adventures. The Colorado, the Rio Grande, the Rogue, the Salmon, the Yukon, these and others are here in fascinating detail. This is a remarkably entertaining and well written book. It is hard to lay it down, even if one has no intention of ever going near the water.

COLONEL BILL

Colonel Greene and the Copper Skyrocket (University of Arizona Press, $9.00 cloth and $4.95 paper) by C. L. Sonnichsen, describes the spectacular rise and fall of William Greene, copper king, cattle baron, and promoter extraordinary in Mexico, the American Southwest, and the New York financial district. Sonnichsen, a retired English professor from the University of Texas at El Paso and author of several fine books on the Southwest, has produced the best story ever written about the robust and captivating Col. Bill Greene. The list of references indicates the author's complete search to discover the valid history of a Quaker-born eastern boy who learned the mining trade in the deadfalls of Prescott and Tombstone before beginning his career as a big-time mining promoter and producer of fabulous quantities of copper ore in northern Sonora, Mexico. He bearded the money barons of Wall Street where he borrowed huge sums and made some of them his partners. There is a dramatic review of the artful dodges used by the millionaires in the financial jungles of New York where Greene charmed the money changers out of funds to finance his numerous overlapping mining, lumbering and cattle operations. Some of these same people trapped him and took over his mining holdings in 1907. Sonnichsen's facts about Bill Greene's cattle operations in Sonora and Arizona add some new light to western U. S. cattle history. After 1900 his million-acre Cananea Ranch in Mexico branded 35,000 calves. His famous San Rafael Ranch near Hereford, Arizona under manager Tom Heady developed one of the finest purebred Hereford herds in the West. In 1911 Greene died of injuries suffered when a runaway team capsized his buggy. His second in command, Charles Wiswall, saved the ranches from financial ruin and put the operation in the black in 1927. Wiswall eventually married Mrs. Greene and after her death, the surviving children quarreled and went to court over settlement of the estate. In 1957 the Mexican government exappropriated the Cananea Ranch, but parts of the San Rafael and Baca Float Ranches remained with family members until recently. Well recommended.

COAST COUNTRY

Karankaway Country (University of Texas Press, $8.50) is a reprint of the original publication by Roy Bedichek, one of a triumvirate of Texas greats, including two close friends, J. Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb. Karankaway Country lies on the Texas Gulf Coast north of Matagorda Island and Matagorda Peninsula. Cabeza de Vaca and a company of shipwrecked Spaniards were the first Europeans to visit this tribe of ferocious Indians. Unwilling to adopt white man's medicine, the Indians resisted the invaders until a final small remnant was driven to Mexico where the tribe passed out of existence. A staff member of the University of Texas, Bedichek distinguished himself as a writer and naturalist. Nature lovers interested in the scarce whooping cranes will enjoy his chapter on these rare birds. He describes the pioneering efforts of Julian Howard and other Fish and Wildlife Refuge officials who started a national endeavor to increase the cranes and save them from extinction. The author's viewpoints on wildlife and soil and water conservation are as real today as when he wrote the book in 1950. We enjoyed his flavorful treatment of range improvement, soil conservation, false starts on river reclamation and the insidous evils of siltation, too often the result of faulty planning concepts and destructive land management. Very good.

GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Mining Camps and Ghost Towns (Westernlore Press, $7.95) by Frank Love is a history of mining in Arizona and California along the lower Colorado River. The harsh environment of the region has been offset by the lure of riches, mineral exploration, and extraction. Yuma on the California-Arizona border is the center of social, industrial, and cultural activities now as it was during past centuries. Mine sites becoming obliterated by time and people have been sought out by the author who has pieced together the legends, facts, and residues which together form the book. Indians, Spaniards, and Anglos sought and worked the mines for gold and other valuables. Many stories of individual towns and camps have been written, but Love's work is the most comprehensive regional treatment of the area yet published. Photos, index, and bibliography enhance the readable text.

PICTORIAL ARIZONA

Arizona In Color; Profiles in Government (Hastings House, $4.95) by Carlos Elmer consists of thirty-two beautiful color plates and forty pages of text that depicts Arizona's natural beauty—past, present and future. The full range of colors from desert to mountain and from spring through winter are evident in the State's natural history. Man-made intrusions on the Arizona landscape are also strikingly beautiful from the ancient cliff dwellings to the magnificent mission—San Xavier DelBac—to the modern Phoenix. This concise book will serve as a useful introduction to Arizona for those who have never seen her beauties, and a warm remembrance for those who have.

MODERN PIONEERING

Handloggers (Alaska Northwest Publishing Co., Anchorage, $4.95) by W. H. Jackson with Ethel Dassow is a knockout for those with a fetish for the Northwest woods and its boating, fishing, hunting, trapping and lumbering. Californian W. H. Jackson learned the lumbering trade in his home state and Oregon before he tried handlogging in the inlets

(Continued on page 64)

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The rock of the vein looks beautiful," the brothers wrote, "violet blue . . . greenish black." Might not Death look much the same?

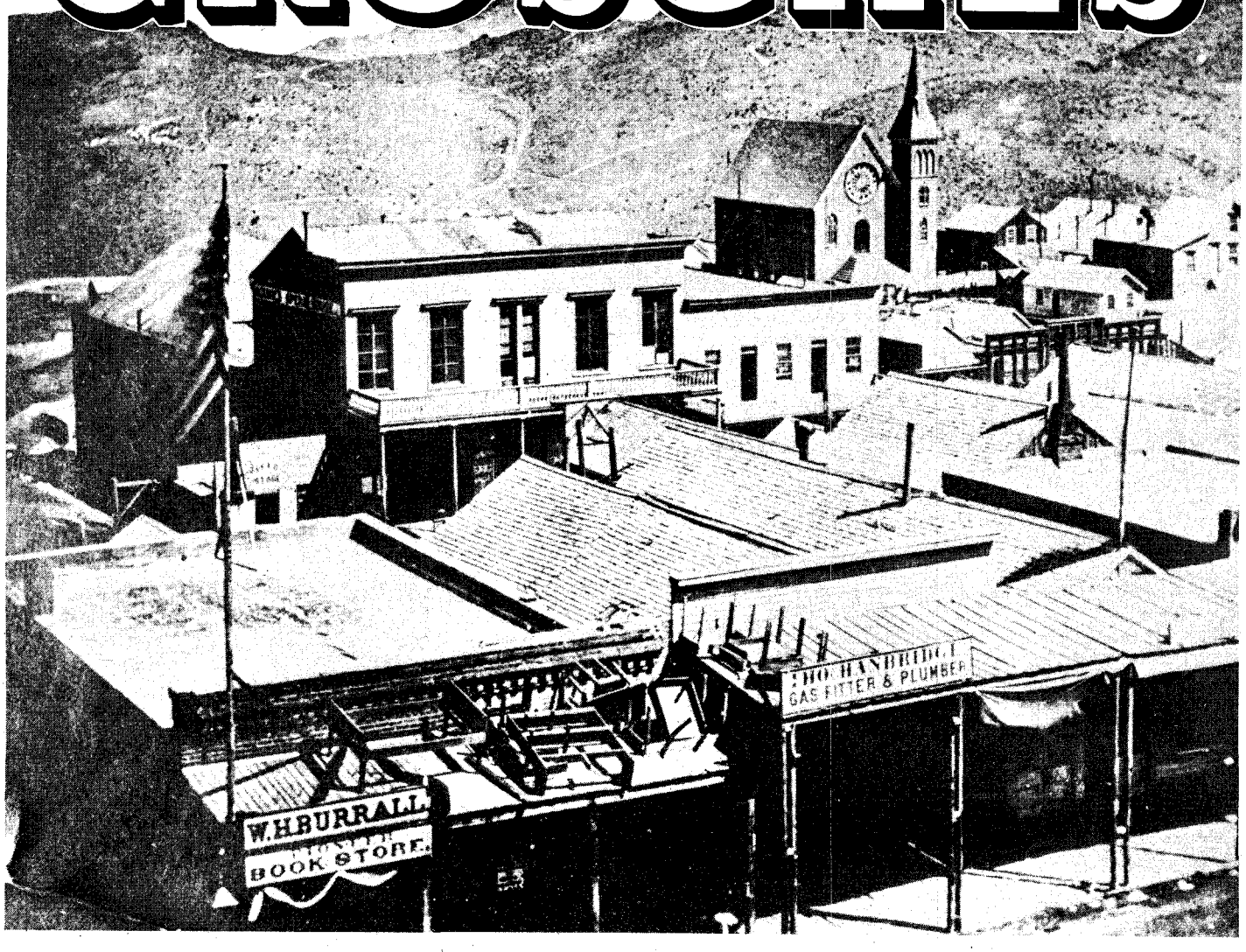
By PETER J. KALTENBACH
Photos Courtesy Author

THE SECRET OF THE GROSCHES

UTAH TERRITORY—it was a cruel country in 1850, this western rim of Utah. Bone-weary travelers kicked up waves of white alkali with every faltering step. It all but stifled them with thick, constant, penetrating grit. Dust filled the air; dust covered their bodies. In spite of everything they did, it seeped under the lids of half-closed eyes, filled their mouths with the taste of chalk, crept up their nostrils, and ground between their teeth.

Through these clouds came men, women, and children on mule back, horse back, and high atop prairie schooners. All were bound for El Dorado, the gold fields of California. Behind were friends and family left buried on the trail, plus many miles of hunger, disease, Indians.

Ahead lay the Washoe Mountains and its highest point, 5000′ Sun Mountain (later renamed Mt. Davidson). It rose almost straight up from the warm desert floor. After crossing the Washoe, down



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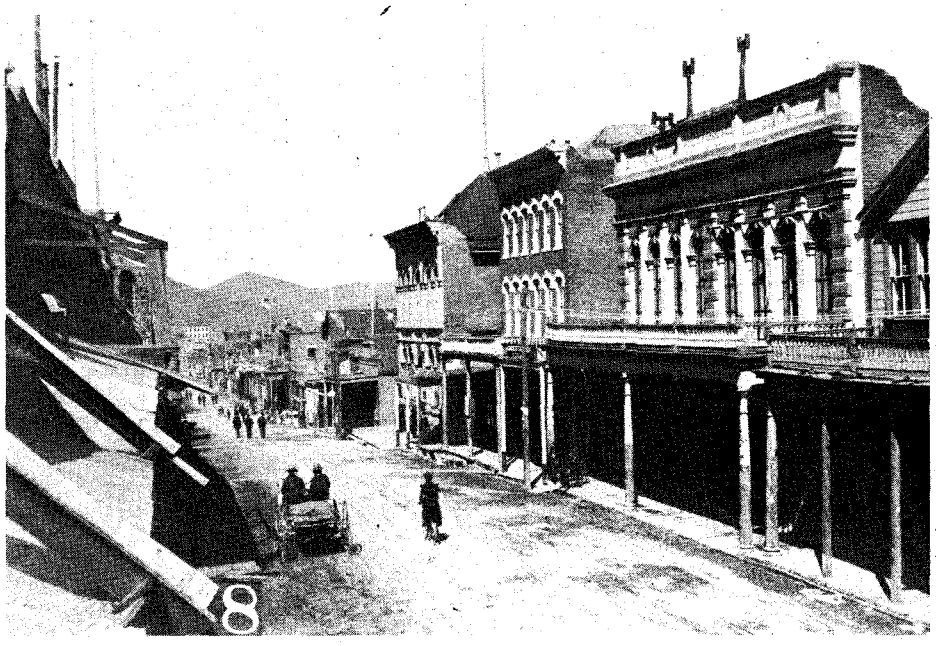


More of "C" Street, the Wells Fargo Office in foreground.

the west side to the Sierra Nevada foothills, then up once more through equally rough country, the emigrants would make their way.

This area, later known as Nevada Territory, played host to many kinds of people. Thieves, cutthroats, miners, ranchers, and religious groups of all kinds.

One particular group of emigrant Mormons, during a short stay near Sun Mountain during the spring of 1850, discovered gold. But these simple, dedicated people had no use for gold; they simply threw it away and continued on.

During the summer of that year, a steady stream of people bound for the California gold fields flowed past what was later called Gold Canyon. Many heard the story of the Mormons' discovery, but they figured this was small-time stuff. More gold lay in California.

Once in a while a miner would stop to try his luck. One lucky soul took almost $30,000 out of Gold Canyon during that summer. But even he moved on. Why? "The gold was too flaky! Too ragged." Others complained, "It's alloyed with some blue stuff that chokes our rockers and carries away our quicksilver." So they, too, left.

THE NEXT spring, more men heading West stopped and tried their luck. Gold in good quantity was being discovered. Surface diggings were soon inching up Gold Canyon. The higher they moved up the canyon, the more prevalant the "blue stuff" became. The miners cursed it, tried heaving it far down the canyon, did everything, but still it was everywhere. Some got disgusted and left.

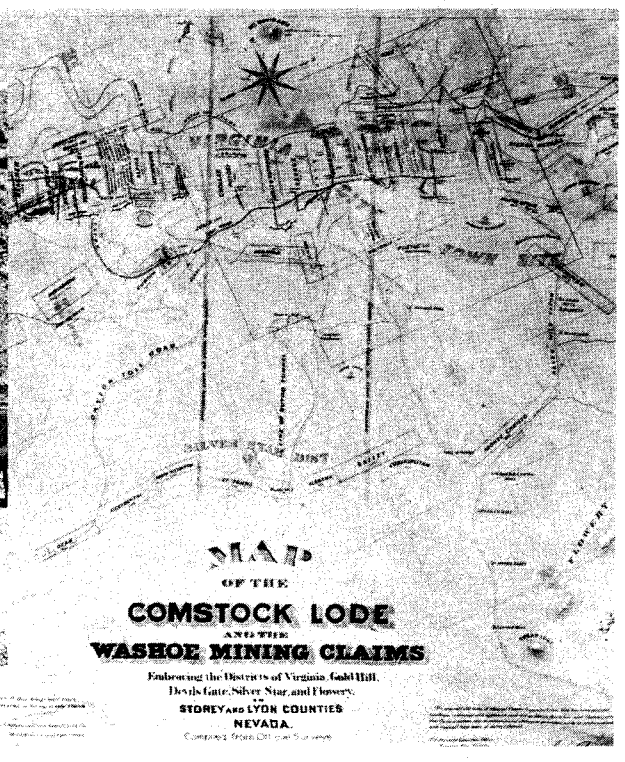
Those miners were a rowdy lot, spending every dime they earned breaking their backs. Because they slept under the stars, they had to be drunk before going to sleep, otherwise some hungry coyote might disturb them. These men were not opposed to murder; manslaughter was often not as dangerous as thieving. You could steal a man's wife, but steal his claim or his horse, and you were asking for trouble.

One of the first white women in the area was Eilley Orrum. A Mormon from Salt Lake, married and divorced twice, she built a log cabin at a place called Johntown, four miles up Gold Canyon from Spafford's Station. Her pork, beans and biscuits soon became famous among the miners of the area. Among her boarders was Sandy Bowers (destined to become one of the richest men in the West, who would later marry Eilley, build a home for her, and die a relatively young man); Henry "Old Pancake" Comstock, and a drunken miner named James Finney, nicknamed "Old Virginie." Legend

At left, Virginia City, Nevada in 1863, showing a few of the "C" and "D" Street businesses. Below, an 1874 map of the Washoe mining claims.

All Photos Courtesy Nevada State Historical Society

This rig was used to haul ore into Virginia City.



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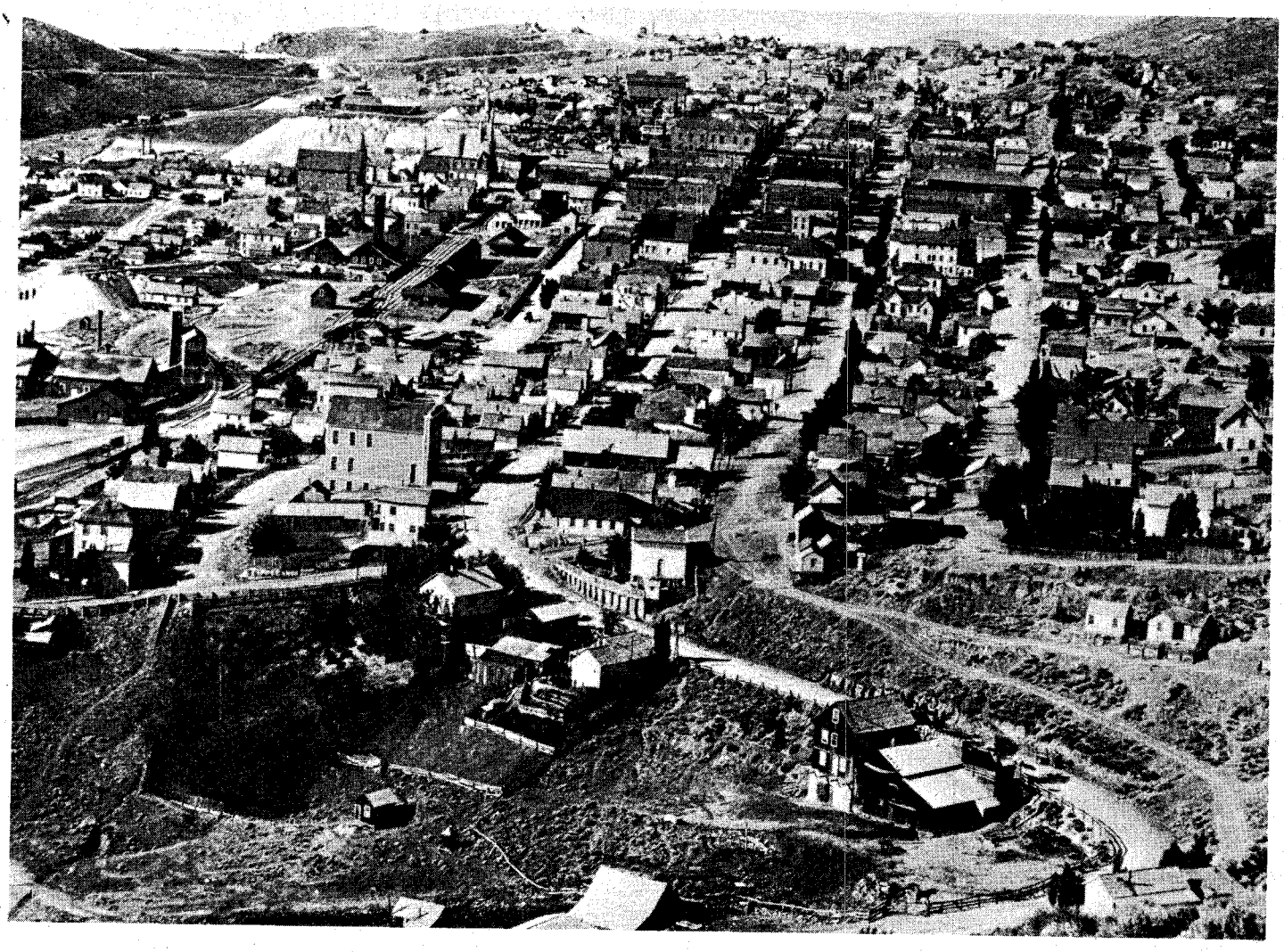

Virginia City about 1880, looking south toward town from near the original discovery site.

says he dropped a brand new bottle of forty-rod on some rocks one evening and christened the spot Virginia Town, later Virginia City, in honor of himself.

All spring and summer, Eilley cooked their meals, listened to their stories, and generally provided a touch of home. When winter set in, she packed her jenny and moved to the Warm Springs area of the Washoe Valley below Johntown. During the long cold winter, she patched their clothes and did their washing.

IN the spring of 1851, two brothers, Allen and Hosea Grosch, came to the Washoe Valley. Sons of a Universalist minister in New York, they traveled many months and endured severe hardships to reach this mining area. Both brothers were tall, blond, and ruddy-cheeked.

The brothers were a different kind of miner. Sure, they intended to make their fortune and return home but they came armed with technical information on mining and minerals. With a layman's knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy and several books for reference, they began their quest.

Like all the workings, theirs became choked with that blue stuff. Instead of throwing it away, however, they collected some, took it back to camp, and ground in into a fine wet powder. Then they baked it in a makeshift oven. Finding a small, dark colored button in the bottom of their crucible, they hardly dared to hope. "It's unbelievable," said Hosea. "We must test further."

Filling a small glass beaker with nitric acid, they dropped the button into the acid. Their whole project depended on this final test. If the button disappeared in the concentrated acid solution, it was metal.

Cautiously, Allen held the beaker up to the light. Hosea, trembling, dropped the small lump into the acid. Slowly, but surely, the metallic lump dissolved in the solution! They were speechless. Long after the lump had dissolved, the brothers held the beaker up to the furnace glow, unable to comprehend what had happened. They put their test equipment away and held a conference. Should they tell the other miners what the blue stuff really was?

THE Grosch brothers had discovered the first traces of the greatest silver strike the world has ever seen. Before the mining stopped, $1½ billion of gold and silver would be wrested from the earth. Many unfortunate men would be killed in the mines by shattering explosions of gas. Some would be scalded by sudden blasts of superheated steam and water. Others would be killed by tunnel cave-ins. But some would be very fortunate. Leland Stanford, Lucky Baldwin, Sandy Bowers, and others would make millions from the rocks of Virginia. The riches taken from the mines would help finance a nation on the move.

The brothers decided to keep the secret of the blue stuff to themselves. Summers, they would prospect the canyon. Winters would be spent in Mud Springs, California, trying to earn enough money to develop their claims.

By the fall of 1855, the brothers had worked far up the canyon, to a spot previously unprospected. Near one of the rock outcroppings they found a small spring. Deciding to dig next to the spring, they constructed a shallow pit. In the bottom was more of the blue stuff than they had ever seen. It was mixed with sparkling gold and disappeared in what looked like a huge vein. They couldn't wait much longer. They must have machinery.

During the next winter in El Dorado, California, the boys organized a mining company to help with the development of the discovery. When Allen and Hosea

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returned to their diggings in the spring of 1857, they brought with them a young Canadian, Richard Burke. They told him nothing of their find. As far as he was concerned, they needed his help only for the prospecting.

The only real partner, so far, was the station-master at Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt, George Brown. He got so excited when he heard the news, he promised the boys his life savings, $600, when he joined them shortly.

On and off during that summer, the Grosch brothers boarded at Eilley Orrum's house. Many evenings were spent in conversation, but never once did they reveal their secret.

At the base of Grizzly Peak, in the area of Gold Canyon, the boys built a stone house. The comfortable little shack had built-in bunks, a fireplace with a crane for cooking, and yellow stone walls. Evenings were often spent studying by firelight and talking about their future wealth.

The brothers had little time to socialize with the other miners, and consequently were thought a bit strange. Why did they take life so seriously? Get drunk once in a while, have a good time, what else is there? Most of the miners wrote the brothers off as a bit balmy but not everyone did. Henry Comstock, for instance, figured they bore watching. Something was up.

In June 1857 Allen Grosch wrote his father, "We struck the vein without difficulty and have followed two shots down hill.

"We have pounded up some of each variety of rock. . . . The rock of the vein looks beautiful . . . soft . . . violet blue . . . indigo . . . blue black and a greenish black."

The first assay of the ore ran an unbelievable $3,500 a ton. It was far richer than even the brothers had imagined. Careful to tell no one, they wrote their partner, George Brown.

They must have machinery. Their food was almost gone. Brown had promised to join them as soon as he sold his station, but he hadn't shown up so far. To earn a little money for food, the brothers were forced to work nearby placer claims for other miners. All that silver and gold—and no way to get it out of the ground.

It was now August. The days were already growing shorter, and steadily colder. Where was Brown? The creek supplying the water for the placer working would soon be frozen. This would force them to move back to California. If they waited much longer, some other miner might discover the secret of the blue stuff. Then all their careful work and planning would be wasted. Fortune would smile on someone else.

ONE evening Allen sat down and wrote to Brown, "For God's sake, join us as soon as possible." Their resources, both physical and mental, were just about gone. They needed his help.

Brown replied almost immediately. He would sell his business at once, then he would have over $600 to invest in their enterprise.

The boys waited. August 15 came and went and still no Brown. On the morning of August 19, while out prospecting, Hosea struck the arch of his foot a glancing blow with his pick. The wound was a little deep, but Hosea figured it didn't amount to much. He was young and strong. Nothing to worry about.

Tetanus set in. A fierce red line began to race up his leg. Hosea became wracked with fever. This forced his brother Allen to leave the gold placering. He poulticed Hosea's leg with hot cloths, scalding his own hands in the process. But he kept at it.

Finally one morning Henry Comstock came snooping around the cabin. He told Allen to get back to his placering, while he applied the poultices. Comstock stayed with Hosea for several days. The hot water compresses seemed to work. As the fever broke, the inflamation receded. Except for occasional chills and some difficulty in chewing and swallowing, Hosea felt much improved. Several times he mentioned a stiff neck. The muscles down around his jaw were sort of tight. But there was no possible connection between the injury and the stiff muscles. At least, so the brothers thought.

One warm afternoon Hosea felt so good he hobbled over to the open cabin door, dragging his chair, and sat with his leg propped up on a candle box.

That same evening, a local woman, Laura Ellis, who had befriended the boys, stopped by their cabin. Her news was not so good. First, their only partner, George Brown, would not be coming. He had been murdered by thieves. They had ransacked his belongings and found the $600. This was a terrible blow to the boys. They had thought of Brown as an older brother. They would miss his counsel.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Ellis, " I have saved up $1,500. If you're so sure of this blue stuff, I'll devote every penny of it to the development of your claims next spring." This seemed to cheer the boys, downhearted as they were over the cold-blooded murder of their friend.

Allen went over to a box near the stone fireplace, reached in, and drew out a piece of bluish quartz. Giving it to Mrs. Ellis, he said, "Keep this. It's from the claim you're on. We've put your name down for 300 feet."

Taking her by the arm, Allen led her through the cabin door, up to a small rise. Pointing up the canyon, toward the crest of Sun Mountain, he indicated a bold outcropping. "Down at the base of that point. . . ."

Back in the cabin, Allen took out his miner's location book, noting Mrs. Ellis' claim in relation to theirs. Satisfied as to their good intentions, Mrs. Ellis picked up her piece of quartz, slipped it into her apron pocket, and left.

DURING the night, Hosea grew worse. His fever rose rapidly again. His color, which had been pale, turned a menacing blue. Hosea's eyebrows were raised as if in surprise. His facial muscles drew his jaw into a horrifying grin. It looked as if he would break out in laughter any time. His jaws were locked. Allen was unable to pry them apart. Chills shook Hosea from head to foot. In excruciating pain, agonizing in silence, he lingered on until September 2, 1857. During that afternoon he died.

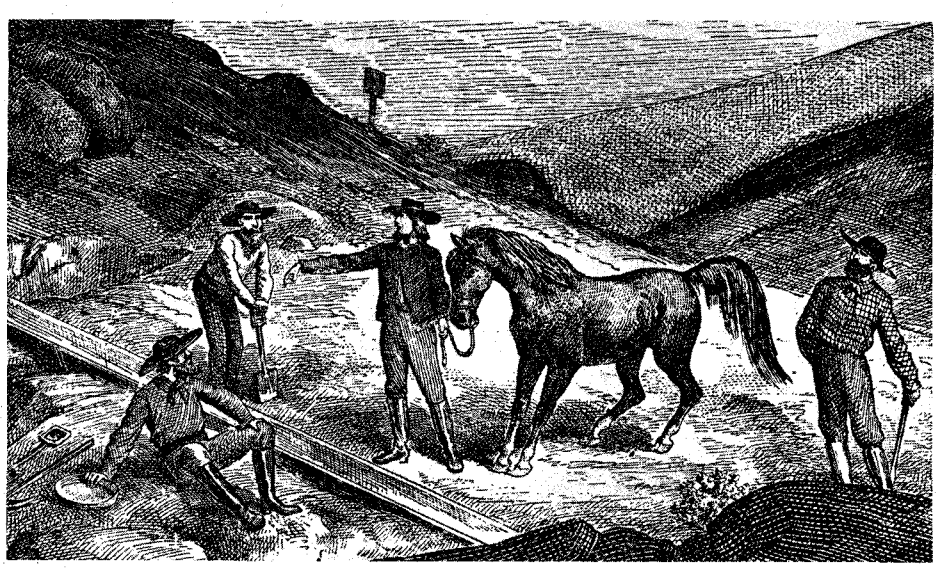
Allen was crushed. He had no money—not even clothes—with which to bury his brother. He borrowed $60 from sympathetic miners, bought a new suit, built a pine box, and laid his brother out.

On September 7 Allen wrote to their father. "In the first burst of my sorrow, I complained bitterly. I thought it most hard that he should be called away just as we had fair hopes of realizing what we had labored so hard for so many years. But when I reflected what a debt of gratitude I owed to God in blessing me for so many years with so dear a companion, I became calm and bowed my head in resignation. O Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

On September 11, Allen wrote, "I feel lonely and miss Hosea. . . . I am strongly tempted to abandon everything and leave

(Continued on page 53)

An old lithograph depicting Henry Comstock (holding horse) talking to two Irish miners at the Ophir Mine.



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WANTED

By PHILIP S. ARKOW
Photos Courtesy Author

From the private collection of a lawman whose predecessors had little else to go on, and kept the mail hot with news of men on the dodge . . .

THE OLD WEST sheriff was not the superhero that Hollywood has made him out to be. True, he was a fearsome man in a dangerous job, extending the long arm of the law in the fledgling states and territories. And true, he would occasionally make a name for himself in an incident pitting him against a notorious criminal or band of outlaws. For the most part, however, the sheriff's work was routine.

There were the drunks to round up and cool off, and the petty crimes to investigate from day to day—most of his time was filled with important, but unnoteworthy, chores. And every morning, like every other businessman or political appointee, he opened his mail.

It was in that mail that the scope of his role and duties could be found. Before the invention of the instant-replay teletype, linking law enforcement agencies across the country, sheriffs communicated with each other by mail. The telegraph was still new and even photography had not gained general acceptance as a technological aid to peace officers. The sheriff would read the broadsides and postcards that came in the morning mail describing which no-good bums were wanted where, and by whom, and what the bounty was, dead or alive.

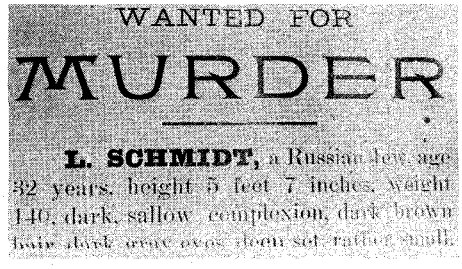
A collection of hundreds of these Wanted posters from seventy-five years ago surfaced recently in Colorado Springs, Colorado, courtesy of Sheriff Earl M. Sullivan. Two of his predecessors, W. S. Boynton and Don C. Goddard, who enforced El Paso County law at the turn of the century, preserved the posters they received between 1897 and 1901. Sullivan bound them in an old ledger and kept them as a reminder of the lusty day-to-day life style that marked the Old West sheriff.

The posters are not the standardized "Ten Most Wanted" types you see today in your post office; for in those days, as likely as not, the post office itself was being robbed. Besides, this was the era before the F.B.I., and it was up to independent detective agencies like Pinkerton's or Burns to scour the frontier for escaped cons, fleeing fleecers, depraved debunkers and other evil despoilers of a free society.

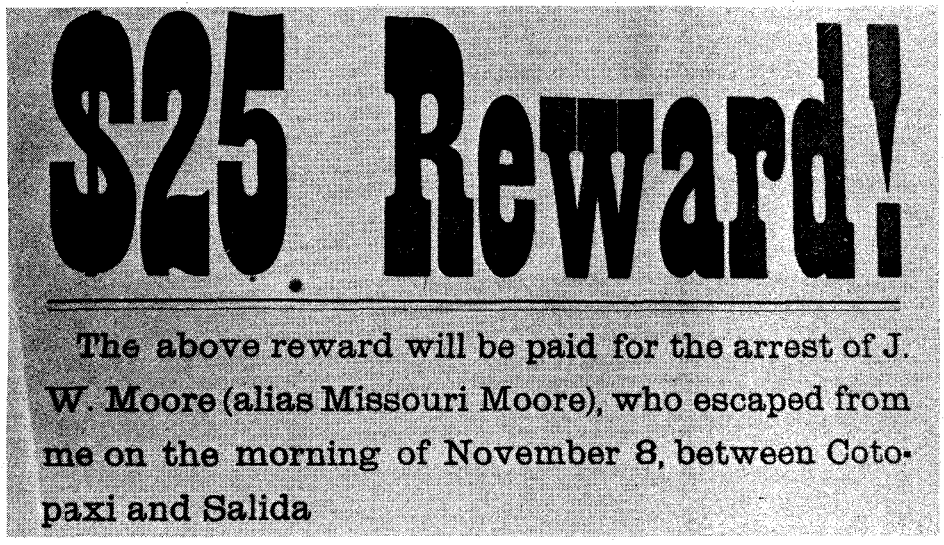
To the detectives' rank were added individual sheriffs and marshals, U. S. Secret Service operatives, police magistrates, constables, prison wardens, railroad detectives, county commissioners, everyday citizens and an occasional governor. They would issue urgent advisories regarding wanted criminals (they were rarely called suspects) describing in fascinatingly gory, though professionally useless, detail the circumstances of the crime.

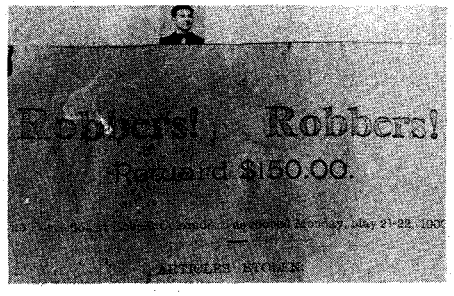
Little helpful description was provided, except for an occasional reference to what clothes the man was wearing, his social traits, or the cut of his moustache.

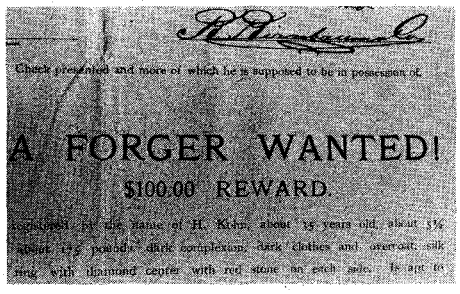
THE POSTERS preserved in El Paso County came from twenty-nine states and territories, from across the frontier and beyond. They came from sheriffs and places both rich in nostalgia and relatively unremembered—from Matt Plunkett of Deadwood and A. M. Rich of Paris, Idaho; from H. B. Bell and Grant Hale of Dodge City, and D. N. Morrison of Cloud Chief, Oklahoma; from John P. Shaver of Laramie, and John Dunn of Carbon County, Montana.


WANTED FOR
MURDER
L. SCHMIDT, a Russian Jew, age 32 years, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 140, dark, sallow complexion, dark brown hair, dark gray eyes, eyes set rather small.

Turn-of-the-century wanted posters specialized in eye-catching graphics, styles like the ones pictured here. There was usually a liberal sprinkling of exclamation points.


$25. Reward!
The above reward will be paid for the arrest of J. W. Moore (alias Missouri Moore), who escaped from me on the morning of November 8, between Cotopaxi and Salida


Robbers! Robbers!
Reward $150.00.


Check presented and more of which he is supposed to be in possession of.
A FORGER WANTED!
$100.00 REWARD

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POSTERS

At right, El Paso County, Colorado Sheriff W. S. Boynton decorated this postcard circular mailed from a fellow officer in Chaffee County with a few doodles. Below, state governors often added rewards to those already offered in the sheriff's bounties, to encourage public participation in the suspect's capture.

$20.00 REWARD

For the arrest of M. L. Wilcox alias Silas Manwaring alias W. D. Wellington, painter by trade, claims also to be a blacksmith. Height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 200 pounds, eyes blue, complexion light, smooth shaved. Has a large figure tattooed on right arm near wrist. Wore dark brown, small checkered, square cut sack coat and vest, brown soft hat, dark brown pants, light colored striped cotton shirt, new shoes. Wanted for forgery. He loafs around saloons and is a hard drinker. Arrest, hold and notify

Jan. 15, 1898

CHAS. ANKELE, Sheriff,
Buena Vista, Chaffee Co., Colo.

$1000 REWARD!

$500 By the Governor of Texas and $500 By the Sheriff of Johnson County.

Escaped from the Cleburne, Texas, Johnson County Jail, on Aug. 9, 1898. Sentenced to Hang Friday, Aug. 12, For the Murder of Tom Crain, Last November.

JOHN B. (STOKES) SHAW.

Age 43 years old, but looks younger, about 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weight about 115 pounds, rolling blue cross, light hair; swarthy complexion, bleached from confinement in jail, usually wears sandy mustache, may be clean shaved; large roman nose, crooked to the right side; very talkative; smiles when in conversation, continually looking around when talking, very restless disposition, walks as if he was in a hurry all the time; little inclined to be stooped shoulder; slightly bow-legged; has very small hands and feet; is a typical cow boy and is a very fine rider; usually rides at one side in saddle and rides very fast; limited education. Address any information to

W. A. STEWART,
Sheriff Johnson County, Cleburne, Texas.

The above picture is a good likeness of the escaped murderer, John B. (Stokes) Shaw.

$800 REWARD!

WANTED FOR MURDER.

Governor's Proclamation offering $200, the Commissioners of Colfax County, Nebr. offer $100, and Mr. Gleesing, father of the murdered boy offers $500 for the capture and conviction of Claus Detlefsen, the murderer.

On Monday evening Dec. 7th 1896, a horrible murder was committed 8 miles northeast of Schuyler. Claus Detlefsen, a farmer living in the neighborhood, went to the home of Max Gleesing and there after chatting and joking for an hour drew from his pocket a revolver and begun shooting at Miss Gleesing. Detlef, her oldest brother taking his sister's part, was instantly killed, while Mr. and Mrs. Gleesing were both severely wounded. Detlefsen then left on horseback, the horse afterwards being found a few miles north of North Bend, Nebr.

HIS DESCRIPTION:—He is 26 years old; is about 5 feet 9 inches tall; will weigh about 170 pounds; is light complexioned, with small light moustache; is very strong, big boned man, with broad drooping shoulders; he has very high cheek bones and a somewhat peaked chin; he has small blue or gray eyes, deep set; he seldom looks a person in the eyes when talking but when he does he seems to be just a little cross-eyed; when standing or walking keeps his hands in his pants pockets; he has a wobbling gait; when standing his legs are curved backward to a marked degree; and seems slightly knock-kneed; he is Low German, also speaks broken English; wore when he left here a Scotch cap, a brown striped suit, and a long dark brown overcoat; had but little money with him when he left.

Now brother officers keep this description and help me catch this brute. Arrest and wire information to

ANGUS C. M'LEOD,
Sheriff of Colfax County, Nebr.

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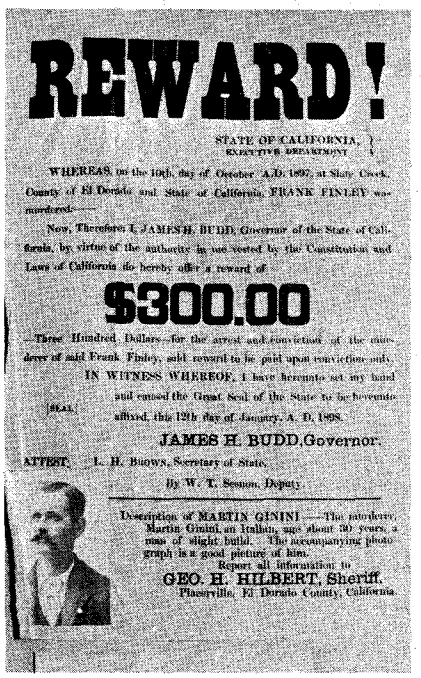


REWARD!

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

WHEREAS, on the 10th day of October A.D. 1897, at Slate Creek, County of El Dorado and State of California, FRANK FINLEY was murdered——

Now, Therefore I, JAMES H. BUDD, Governor of the State of California, by virtue of the authority in me vested by the Constitution and Laws of California do hereby offer a reward of

$300.00

Three Hundred Dollars—for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of said Frank Finley, said reward to be paid upon conviction only.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, this 12th day of January, A. D. 1898.

(SEAL)

JAMES H. BUDD, Governor.

ATTEST: L. H. Brown, Secretary of State.

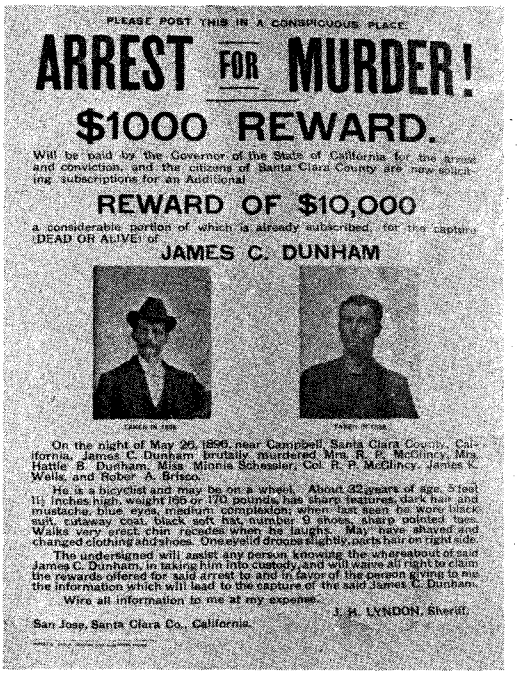
By W. T. Senon, Deputy.

Description of MARTIN GININ——The murderer, Martin Ginini, an Italian, age about 30 years, a man of slight build. The accompanying photograph is a good picture of him.

Report all information to

GEO. H. HILBERT, Sheriff.

Placerville, El Dorado County, California.



PLEASE POST THIS IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE.

ARREST FOR MURDER!

$1000 REWARD.

Will be paid by the Governor of the State of California for the arrest and conviction, and the citizens of Santa Clara County are now soliciting subscriptions for an Additional

REWARD OF $10,000

a considerable portion of which is already subscribed, for the capture (DEAD OR ALIVE) of

JAMES C. DUNHAM

On the night of May 26, 1896, near Campbell, Santa Clara County, California, James C. Dunham brutally murdered Mrs. R. P. McClincy, Mrs. Hattie B. Dunham, Miss Minnie Schessler, Col. R. P. McClincy, James K. Wells, and Rober A. Brisco.

He is a bicyclist and may be on a wheel. About 22 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches high, weight 165 or 170 pounds, has sharp features, dark hair and mustache, blue eyes, medium complexion; when last seen he wore black suit, cutaway coat, black soft hat, number 9 shoes, sharp pointed toes. Walks very erect, chin recedes when he laughs. May have shaved and changed clothing and shoes. One eyelid droops slightly, parts hair on right side.

The undersigned will assist any person knowing the whereabout of said James C. Dunham, in taking him into custody, and will waive all right to claim the rewards offered for said arrest to and in favor of the person giving to me the information which will lead to the capture of the said James C. Dunham.

Wire all information to me at my expense.

J. H. LYNDON, Sheriff.

San Jose, Santa Clara Co., California.

42

LIST F CONVICTS

That ESCAPED from the SOUTH DAKOTA PENITENTIARY, April 19, 1900,

For which there is a **REWARD OF $200**, or a **REWARD OF $50** FOR ANY ONE OF THESE CONVICTS, delivered to the prison officer, who will come after them anywhere in the United States.

JOHN A. BOWLER, Warden.

SIOUX FALLS, South Dakota, April 19, 1900.

H. E. LEROY
alias GEO. RYAN; alias BOYD BUDDY.
Age 38 years; height 5 feet inches; weight 184 pounds; complexion light; hair hazel; eyes slate blue.
Scars—Vaccination mark long; right thumb has been bit on under side.
Clothing all marked No. 123.

WM. DOCKERY
Alias JOHN THOMAS.
Age 22 years; height 5 feet 6¾ inches; weight 143 pounds; complexion light; hair hazel; eyes hazel violet blue; nose medium; mouth medium large; chin narrow.
Scars—Left arm little stiff at elbow, has been broken; index finger right hand bent at first joint, crook to right.
Clothing all marked No. 30.

Lester F. Luverne
Alias F. B. HOWARD.
Age 22 years; height 5 feet 4½ inches; weight 150 pounds; complexion blonde; hair hazel; eyes—circle hazel, center slate; nose concave; mouth medium; chin narrow.
Scars—Left hand middle finger, India ink to represent ring; has been shot in right arm, shot marks from knuckles to shoulder; somewhat crippled in hand.
Clothing all marked No. 181.

WM. MILLER
Alias FRANK LEE.
Age 30 years; height 5 feet 4¼ inches; weight 126 pounds; complexion light; hair hazel; eyes—circle slate blue, center azure blue; mouth large; lips thick.
Scars—Large blue India ink star on breast, burn scar front face of right arm, has several burn scars.
Clothing all marked No. 43.

These men are all thieves. No doubt they are now plying their vocation in that line. They are all of them persons that will be likely to frequent houses of ill fame and low resorts. They are likely to follow tramping as they have been hoboes at times in the past. They can turn their hand to burglary of any sort or degree, grand or petty larceny, or the blowing of a safe.

When these convicts escaped, they had on common jeans pants, faded considerably, the old-fashioned striped hickory shirts, white cotton flannel underclothing Each and every piece of clothing that they left the prison with had a PRISON NUMBER on the same.

At left, the state of California offered $1000, while the citizens of Santa Clara County put up "subscriptions" for an additional $10,000 for the capture of James C. Dunham, dead or alive. Below, when four convicts escaped from the South Dakota Penitentiary in Sioux Falls on April 19, 1900, Warden John A. Bowler published their photographs and offered a $200 reward.

Even one Canadian was represented: Police Chief W. T. T. Williams of London, Ontario, who posted notice on August 11, 1898 that he was looking for Madie Brown, a peglegged black hobo who, he said, escaped from the Taylor, Texas jail that June and proceeded to murder one Officer Toohey in Ontario. As the Yukon gold rush grew, there was a steady stream of crooks commuting across the Canadian-American frontier.

The posters were printed by letterpress and mimeographed. Some were handwritten on hotel or jail stationery. Some had engraved pictures or artist's sketches. Some used pasted-on photographs that are now faded sepia. They all tended to exaggerate, using emotion-packed phrases such as "the most cruel desertion on record" or a "gory carnival of crime unequaled in the history of California."

The collection is an intriguing portfolio of two-bit hoodlums, a monument to the small-time black hat who today is still too obscure to be notorious. A few famous names, such as the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang, are included, but most of the Wanted Men were small fry.

But when they were wanted, they were wanted bad, and eye-grabbing headlines and abundant exclamation points screamed in serif type fonts for the attention of readers who would peruse them in conspicuous places. They were emblazoned with alarms and calls to arms, unlike today's posters which more resemble advertisements for a flea market.

ROBBERS! ROBBERS! announced one, calling attention to the robbery of the Hooper, Colorado post office in May 1900. STOP THIEF reads another. A FORGER WANTED! HIGHWAY ROBBERY! MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE! exclaim some.

Below the headlines was what little pre-scientific information the sheriff had, and pleas to fellow officers to apprehend those vile connivers out there among the deer and all those playing antelopes.

"All officers are requested to do all in their power to arrest the fugitive and bring him to justice and show to others that it won't do to shoot an officer," wrote a sheriff in Eastland County, Texas. "Now brother officers keep this description and help me catch this brute," published Sheriff Angus C. M'Leod of Colfax County, Nebraska, trailing a wobbling, cross-eyed, Low-German murderer alleged to be Claus Detlefsen. "This man has broken his parole and *I want him!*" blared a notice from the Colorado State Penitentiary warden.

The descriptions of the men were

(Continued on page 32)

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A gathering in front of Johnny Divine's store in Marmarth, North Dakota. Lee Thorn is on pony at rear center; Vince Sonnek is the youth on the right side of the buggy seat; Dolly Madison Thorn, mother of Lee, is on the left side of the buggy seat holding a small child; Pearl Liming is one of the girls standing in the rear of the buggy; Andy Sonnek is at far right mounted on the gray horse.

Andy Sonnek on Ruth, about 1926, while working for the Laurel Leaf near Moorcroft, Wyoming.

THREE SECONDS IN EKALAKA

By ANDY SONNEK as told to BOB ATKINSON

Photos Courtesy Author

They were going to pay $100 first money, $50 second money, and $25 for third. Anybody who could raise the entry fee and get there in time looked upon that proposition as downright tantalizing...

DURING my seventy-nine years, or so, of fooling around with horses, cows and people, I've done my share of rodeoing. I'll admit most of it was done back in the days when the rules were not as strict, mostly just so you got the job done. Also, you didn't need so much fancy equipment and high-priced gear. Just a saddle, rope, and a good horse, and that was it.

If the show was more than a day or two's travel on a good horse, you just didn't go. Any shows more distant than that, you didn't hear about anyway, until after they had happened. Communication wasn't the same as it is today. Just the telegraph, and the U. S. mail.

In the summer of 1914 work was kinda slack for a few days around Marmarth, North Dakota, and a friend of mine, Tom Calvin and myself decided to ride up to Ekalaka, Montana and get some of that easy money. Actually, I didn't think we stood any chance of winning even any third money 'cause there was a helluva lot of good cowpunchers around that country at the time. There's still a few good ones in that country. Tom said we'd better go and give 'er a whirl, anyhow.

He had a Jim Dandy rope horse and was a mighty fine roper so I thought he might stand a chance of getting into the money in steer roping. I had been riding some pretty rank horses the last two or three years, but didn't figure I could

(Continued on page 49)

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HELLISH

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Above, the William Ashurst family. Back row (left to right): William Pitts (son-in-law), Eva Pitts (daughter), and Henry Fountain. Center row: William, William Henry (father) holding son Edward, and Sarah (mother). Bottom row: Tommy, Andrew, and Charley. Below, the second building from right is the hotel where Sarah and her husband stayed when in Flagstaff.

THE WIND whistled dolefully down out of the burned Nevada mountains, blowing sand across the desert into the sheep camp seven miles from Winnemucca. The only shelter was a faded canvas tent in the mouth of Cross Canyon.

Sarah Elizabeth Bogard-Ashurst emerged every few minutes to reconnoiter. The Piute Indians were on the warpath all over Nevada. Renegades could come within a few hundred feet unseen in the blinding sandstorm. In turn she gazed anxiously in the direction her husband, William Ashurst, had ridden out that morning to see how the sheep fared. He had promised to return

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YEARS AT ASHURST RUN

Their world was rimmed with danger. In a country so wild, only the wild could survive, so Sarah trained her children to hide in caves like little foxes...

as quickly as possible, knowing that she was due to give birth to another child. Now, she feared that the Indians might have raided the flock. Her concern was for him that auspicious September 13, 1874.

Sarah was alone except for two-year-old Eva huddled inside the tent for shelter against the wind and sand, when the first sharp pains struck. Knowing there was to be no further delay the cameo-faced dark-haired mother prepared to help herself. The crisis of life and death did not dismay or frighten her. She had faced trials and tribulations before. Methodically she made what preparations she could and, when the time came, delivered a son. He was named Henry Fountain. No one could have foreseen that the squally baby boy would one day become a famous man in the nation.

Ashurst did not reach camp until sundown, when the sandstorm slackened. Sarah's fears proved correct. A small raiding band tried to get at the sheep but, with two Mexican herders, Ashurst beat them off and then moved the sheep into hiding. In the process, however, he had been wounded in the right leg. Anxiously Sarah tried to stir herself from the pallet where she lay with the baby, but Ashurst bade her lie still and, after attending to his wound, made supper for the family.

Above, the Ashurst ranch house at Ashurst Run, built in 1877. Right, the red sandstone grave marker of the Ashurst's infant daughter, Margrete.

SARAH had come to California in the early 1850s with her parents. They had crossed the great plains attendant with Indian attacks and severe climatic conditions. Not long after the family's arrival both of her parents died suddenly, leaving her to be taken in by a family who treated her like a slave. These people were mean to the small girl, and she learned very early to make-do for herself.

Ashurst's parents had also arrived in California during the gold rush years. His father, a prospector, found a few good claims and acquired land and sheep. Ashurst and Sarah met at Red Bluff, and were married in 1871 when she was barely seventeen years old. Soon afterwards Ashurst's father died and he inherited some of the land and a flock of sheep. The land was still all but worthless, as it had been over-grazed.

A drouth struck the region that year so the young couple trailed up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains for summer grass and water. Then instead of returning to Red Bluff as winter neared, they moved over into Nevada. Their daughter Eva was born that year, 1872.

Nevada did not smile on the Ashursts. Indeed, strive as the courageous young mother might, it was all she could do to keep the babies fed and clothed. The Ashursts discussed the situation at length then decided to move south into Arizona, a territory they had heard much about. Traveling slowly with two wagons of household goods and supplies behind the grazing flock, they reached Stone's Ferry on the upper Colorado River. They crossed into Arizona's Mojave Desert only two weeks behind the flocks of John Clark, the first American to move sheep into northern Arizona.

Late in the summer of 1875 the Ashursts settled at the foot of Bill Williams Mountain, seven miles from present Williams. One morning they were awakened by barking dogs, followed by the shrieking of Apache-Mojave Indians who were all around the hastily erected log cabin. The Indians were trying to run off the horses and milch cows, and were killing the sheep. Although caught by surprise, Ashurst rallied his two herders and they drove off the attack before great damage

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could be done. During the skirmish Sarah stood in the cabin door, firing an ancient rifle at any Indian coming near.

Not a week later more Indians were discovered lurking around. They were probably Hualapais from Beale's Spring but the Ashursts never knew for sure.

By the second year the Ashursts had neighbors, the Sidney Pittman family, fourteen miles away in the valley named for them.

The next spring Ashurst, unhappy with the worsening Indian situation, explored the virgin country eastward. He found a good running spring in a wide canyon with low basaltic rims, and decided to relocate there. If they remained near Bill Williams, Indians would keep coming for now they knew where the family lived. Even so, Ashurst was not free of them for several more years.

THE family wagons rolled through a dense forest of pine timber to the new home site. They occupied what later became known as Ashurst Run and Ashurst Spring next to Anderson Mesa.

The ranch house, constructed in 1877, was a two-room log cabin with a stone fireplace for heating and cooking. The walls were fitted with portholes. The barn was also built of logs and the corrals, of peeled poles. A smokehouse, small cabin bunkhouse for hired hands, and a spring box under the north rim were added later. Fertile ground was broken for a garden and Sarah raised most of the family's food except for salt, meal, sometimes wheat flour, and meat. Wild game was handy in the surrounding forest.

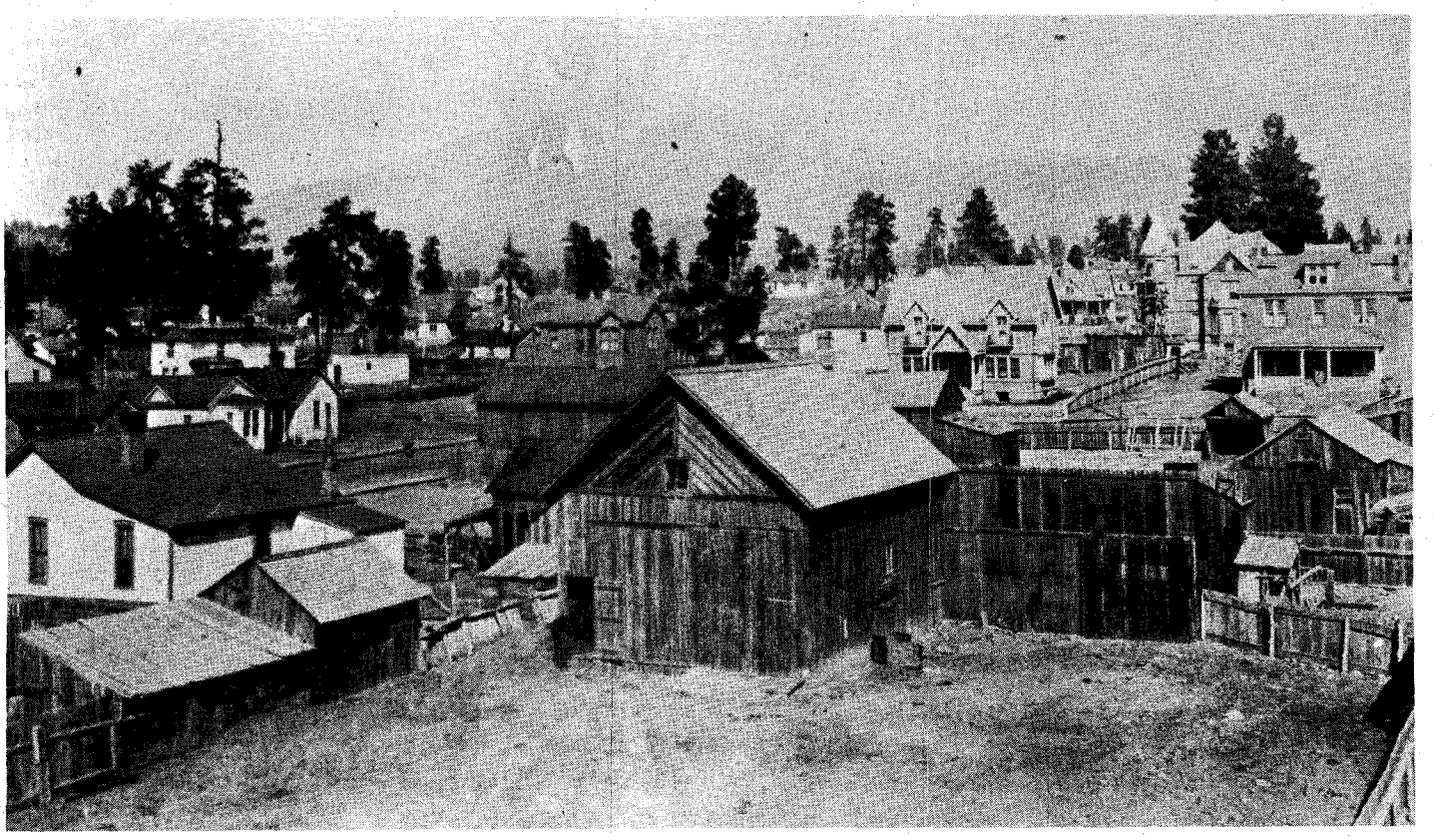
Sarah was by herself much of the time while Ashurst attended to business matters. The nearest town was Flagstaff, a few hovels of assorted characters who had been around Old Town Spring for some time—trappers, and then tie hackers and wood choppers ahead of the building of the transcontinental Atlantic and Pacific Railroad in 1882. Closer to the Ashursts at Mormon Dairy (Mormon Lake) were several families who had settled on the lakeside in 1876. Midwives from there assisted Sarah when her next three children were born. One was a daughter named Margrete, and the others two sons, Thomas and Andrew.

Sarah made all of the clothing for the family, hand stitching every garment. Unable to cobble shoes she fashioned moccasin-type footgear which all of them wore for several years. In lieu of hats she wove their headgear from wild grasses.

For two years she cooked in Dutch ovens and cast-iron pots on the fireplace as she had done on an open fire in the Nevada sheep camp. Then wonder of wonders, she received a cook stove. Ashurst ordered it on one of his wool hauling trips more than a hundred miles to Prescott. From there, the wool was freighted on to riverboats plying the Colorado. The stove cost $100, and six months were required to get it 2,000 miles around lower California and up the river by boat to Ehrenberg. The freighting cost another $100; then Ashurst hauled it from Prescott to the ranch.

The irrigated garden patch down in the flat was not fenced and Sarah guard-

Above, Sarah's famous son, Senator Henry Fountain Ashurst. Below, Flagstaff in Sarah's day was still a frontier town.



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Above, a Flagstaff community picnic in 1892.

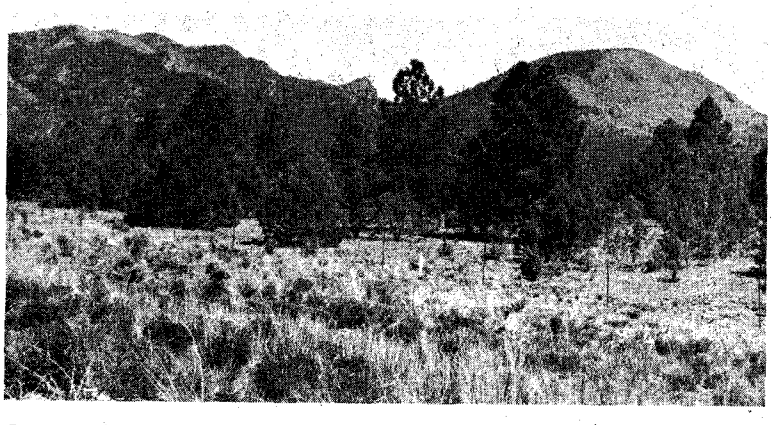
ed it day and night against inroads by stock. A noise in that vicinity awoke her one summer midnight. Not once thinking the disturbance could be Indians, as up to that time none had come around, she grabbed her broom, made of grass tied around a long stick. Rushing outside she saw a dim, upright blot in the gloom. Only then did she realize that the intruder could well be an Indian. Hesitating, she heard an animal grunt. It was not an Indian. Running on into the garden she wielded the broom right handily, shouting, "Get out of here, you terrible thing!" More grunt-like sounds followed before the animal took off running on all fours. When the varmint cleared the darker shadows into the starlight, instead of some of the domestic stock, she saw a huge black bear.

The first winter was not too bitter but that of 1879 turned into one that was below zero with frequent high winds. Little Margrete had been ill several days when Ashurst was forced to take a mule-load of supplies to the sheep camp, protected in canyons farther east. Soon after his departure the blizzard winds gained strength, though snow was already two feet deep.

Under the shake roof of the ranch house the black hand of death hovered near. Blazing logs in the fireplace maintained warmth inside the rooms where Sarah and her children huddled. On a pole bunk Margrete lay choking for breath. In this heart-rending tragic situation Sarah had only herb remedies to

(Continued on page 44)

Below (left), Bill Williams Mountain, where the family first took up a homestead in Arizona. (Right) The old Ashurst home in Flagstaff.



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By LUKE COSGRAVE

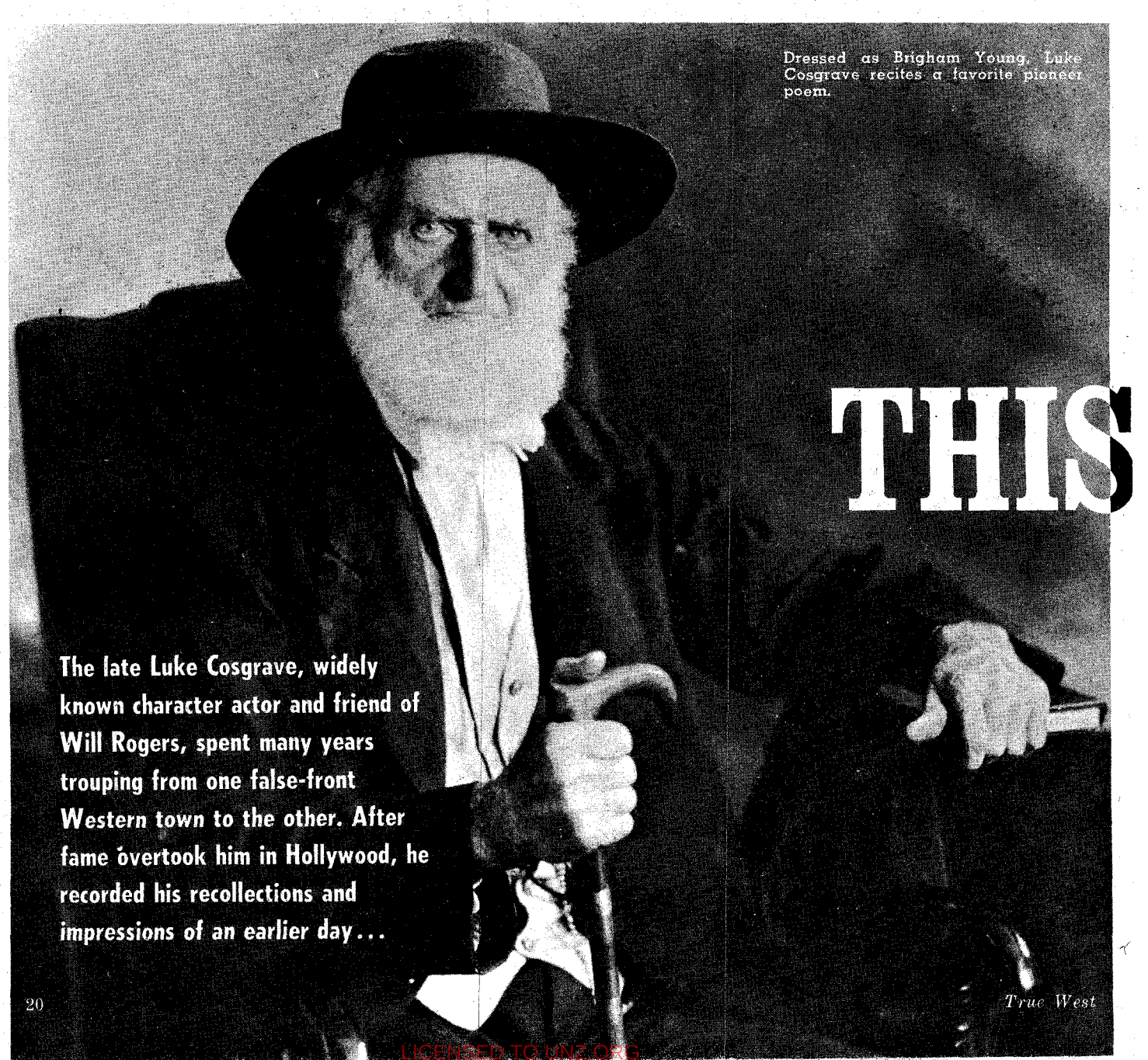
Explanatory note: A seven-year-old boy in County Mayo, Ireland, chanced to read a book about the Mormons—and was deeply moved by his first taste of the theater when a group of strolling players came to town. He developed an urge to know more about those strange people across the sea, and definitely felt a desire to act.

The boy was Luke Cosgrave, known later to thousands of Americans as a trouper of the board- and false-front towns of the West. At fifteen he was giving dramatic readings up and down California's gold camps. In all, he toured the "wild country" of the West for thirty years and these experiences were recorded in his book *Theatre Tonight* © 1952 by Mrs. Frances Hurlbutt (House-Warven, Publishers) from which our story is taken. Mr. Cosgrave died in 1949.

THROUGH the Choctaw, Creek, and Cherokee Nations of Indian Territory in the Nineties, which for some reason are now called The Gay Nineties, three horse-drawn rigs transported our road show. We had a green-painted main wagon with the trunks and scenery, and two canvas-covered "white-tops" in which rode four ladies and six gentlemen, including the Star, the well-known Western tragedian John S. Lindsay.

The picturesque town of Muskogee in the Creek Nation was like the sets we now see in the movies. Small business places in false-fronted dignity; cowboys in chaps, spurs, and sombreros hitched their ponies beside wooden sidewalks, with Indians standing on street corners or sitting in doorways. Bill Hart, Tom Mix, and Hopalong have kept the joy and sorrow, the menace and glory, of the early Western frontier from ever being forgotten.

Although Mr. Lindsay's was an independent organization, responsible only to the patrons, his choice of plays and method of doing them seemed to be able to lift the people of Muskogee for a while out of the cold, gray cloud of daily life into the rosy ether of romance and adventure. Ingomar, the barbarian son of the wilderness, was gradually reclaimed by the gentle service



Dressed as Brigham Young, Luke Cosgrave recites a favorite pioneer poem.

THIS

The late Luke Cosgrave, widely known character actor and friend of Will Rogers, spent many years trouping from one false-front Western town to the other. After fame overtook him in Hollywood, he recorded his recollections and impressions of an earlier day...

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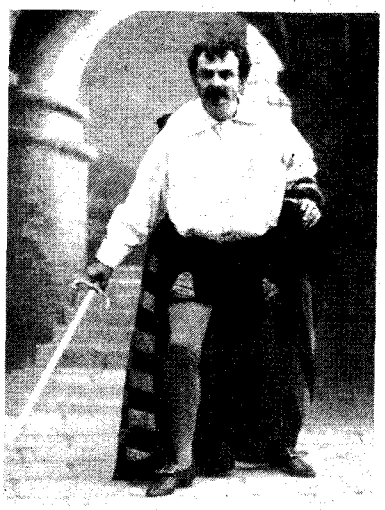

At left, Cosgrave as Iago in 1893. Above (left), actress May Stewart in 1899. On right, actor Edward N. Hoyt in 1896. Below, the troupe in Boise, Idaho in 1903. Bottom of page, the cover of a promotional flyer of John S. Lindsay's repertoire company.

WAS TAHLEQUAH

of his fair captive, Parthenia, who taught him the harmony which true love brings in "Two Souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one!"

We were playing beyond the pale of legitimate criticisms, with no daily papers to praise or blame us. Yet most of the communities had a spokesman from whom we got the popular drift, and once in a while an expression to be remembered. Even such remote places as Topeka and Kansas City felt our fame reverberate across mountain and plain. The Kansas City *Star*'s "Sunbeams" column carried this crackling: "The John S. Lindsay Company 'Damon and Pythias' and 'Ingomar' and passing ice-water between acts is all the people of Muskogee know of heaven. . . ."

In towns like this, so-called metropolitan actors paused and gave a performance, wondered how their manager found the tank, and sometimes left a note kidding the actors who played year after year in such places. The Trilby Company had been there the week before us, and sure enough, there was the note back stage on the wall near the ceiling:

On dressing room walls it often enfalls
The names of the hams that are fresh
And it's quite hard to tell,
How in the heaven or hell
They ever got in the profesh.

Below in pencil, another master answered:

People of talent and ability
And if given a chance
By what each one knows
They'd make some one-part hams do utility.

Photos Courtesy Frances Hurlbutt

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IN "Damon and Pythias" the clatter and clamorous report of war, as well as the sublime test of friendship, made a memorable impression in the town, where there was only one hotel and no cafes. Many friends that Mr. Lindsay and his company had made during the two-night stay in Muskogee were out early Sunday morning in the autumn rain to see us start for our next stand, Tahlequah. Three young horsemen went with us for a few miles. Then two of them rode away into the mystery. The other remained with us off and on during the day until we got close to town, then he also left, and for a very good reason.

Late in the afternoon I was sitting in front with the driver while our teams were walking up a hill about a mile from town. There was no sound but the rumble of wagons to accompany the troupe who were singing as always, when we traveled at this time of day, "just a song at twilight. . . ." Once in a while there was the short, quick note of a mockingbird.

Our friend, the cowboy, rode in front of us with his head bowed over his pony's neck in a sleepy posture that made us feel an almost dreamy hush here where the darkness so quickly follows sundown.

In a cabin a hundred feet from the road, a lamp was lighted. The cowboy straightened in his saddle, rubbed his eyes, grabbed his rifle from the holster and fired at the light. We heard the shot and the crash of glass as he raced away.

A gray-haired Indian rushed from the doorway, dragging his Winchester, and fired twice before he got to the road and twice again before the fugitive rounded the hill. Our caravan had halted in terror and amazement, wondering what would happen next. When the old warrior ceased firing he came back, paying no attention to us, looked up and down the road, then remarked, "Something has to be done to such smarties. First thing someone get hurt." His flashing eyes and bold carriage told us he would do something when he had a call to. Quietly, he walked to his door, took another glance up the road, and with a little wave of his hand, passed out of our sight.

That was our introduction to the suburbs of Tahlequah and you can imagine the feeling of a poor bunch of yellow actors! What were we to expect when we got in among real people?

It was still raining when we got to Tahlequah but I remained outside the hotel to take a look at the town. Across the street the Salvation Army was holding services. A woman in the center of the house was addressing the uniformed officer on the stand. I couldn't hear her words but everyone seemed impressed as she gave her testimony. When she paused, the officer asked her, "Did Jesus do that?"

"Yes, He did!"

"Well," replied the officer, "it was just like Him!"

That night we heard the strange, sad story of the Cherokees who had lived for a long time in Georgia, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war. Often when land was ceded to them, the whites would break the treaty, then make a new compact to justify the action.

Playing the camps in 1896. Here, Cosgrave as Jerry, The Tramp in "The Noble Outcast."

In those early days the Indians were told they would have to become civilized or be exterminated, which meant they would have to wear the clumsy, uncomfortable clothes of the whites—the wide-rimmed hats and heavy boots, their women stay-laced beyond endurance.

They would be expected to worship the Great Spirit of the white man, to forget the culture their fathers had taught for

Edith, Maime, and Luella Lindsay in "Damon and Pythias," 1890.

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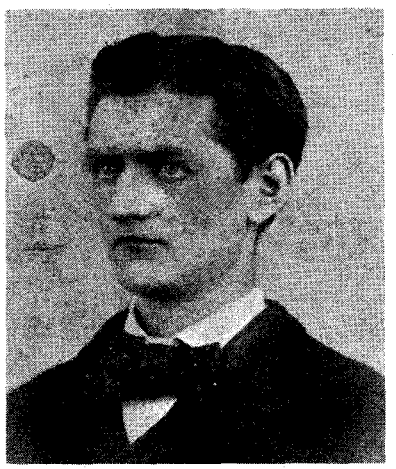


Cosgrave in 1881, at the time taking elocution lessons.

their guidance and comfort, and on which their very existence seemed to depend.

Their wise men told them, hemmed in as they were by European and American progress and strength, that the only way to postpone the doom which the whites in the end would surely accomplish, was to accept the inevitable.

Since then, the diplomatic ability and quiet persistent force of the Cherokees has given them the privilege of conducting a government of their own, even to this day. In 1875 they made a separate peace in which the United States recognized their sovereign character. The first fee simple patent they received bears the name of George Washington.

Later, when President Washington, to uphold the rights of the Indians, threatened to send the regular army, the treaty of 1791 was made, which the whites broke the day it was signed; and Andrew Jackson participated in the violation. From that time on, General Jackson was considered their Nemesis—a rock ahead—a danger signal to be feared and dreaded. His name is still anathema to some of the tribe's descendants.

I REMEMBER one day in 1930, working on the picture "Lightnin'" with Will Rogers at Lake Tahoe, the location set was built in a wooded spot near the shore of Emerald Bay. Between the scenes it was Will's relaxation to get into the open and spin the lariat. His busy hands were always "doing," as his free soul was ever gay. His mobile temperament was always in action—roping, writing, riding, or talking.

One bright morning after a rainy night, I watched him down by the lake, roping rocks, stumps, or passing people who challenged him to lasso them. Two Indians came up the road on foot, but we could see by their walk and appearance that they had ridden some distance. One was short and quite dark, with a pair of beaded riding gloves tucked in his belt. The other, tall and rather light, carried a quirt. Of course, Will saw them, but he pretended to pay no attention. He kept on pitching the rope and gathering it in. The little fellow sat beside the tree. The tall boy leaned against it, watching Will for several minutes. Then he said:

"Rogers, they say you're a Cherokee. Is that right?"

"Yes, Mother was a quarter; Father, an eighth."

"I'm a Cherokee."

"No. . . .? What's your name?"

"Harris."

"Mmmm. That's a good Cherokee name."

"This boy is Washoe."

"Oh." Still throwing the rope, "How are the folks getting along at Washoe?"

"All right."

"Good. How many there now?"

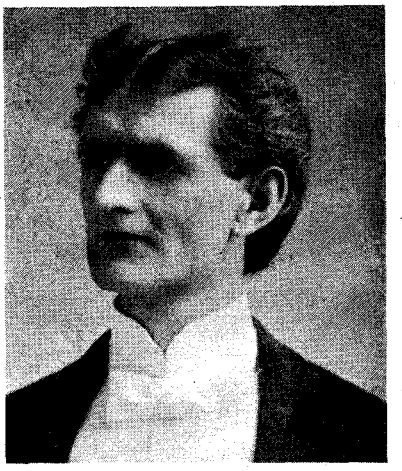
"About eight hundred in the settlement."

"Well—I didn't know there were so many. That's fine." Still throwing the rope.

After a couple of minutes, the tall one broke the silence. "Come and see us sometime, Rogers," he said.

"Mmmm, guess I will."

As they started to go, the tall one asked, "When are you coming, Rogers?"



Luke Cosgrave in 1898, after joining Lindsay's troupe.

"Oooo—let me see. Day before Thanksgiving."

"Okay. So long, Rogers."

"So long, boys."

The appearance and deportment of our visitors changed from the uncertain wanderers who had come unbidden a few minutes before. They were now returning as ambassadors to their people after having had a successful interview with

(Continued on page 36)

John S. Lindsay, a famous tragedian of his time, brought Shakespeare and other classical plays to the pioneers of Utah, Idaho, and California.

A letter of recommendation from the right people often helped out in the show business world. Luke Cosgrave's friend, Will Rogers, had some good things to say in his behalf.

WILL ROGERS
BEVERLY HILLS
CALIFORNIA

DEAR LUKE.
AMONG A WHOLE WHEEL BARROW FULL OF STUDIO MAIL
WHICH I GATHER UP ABOUT ONCE A MONTH WAS YOUR LETTER,
I AM TERRIBLY SORRY, FOR IF THERE IS ANYONE I COULD
HONESTLY AND WILLINGLY BOOST FOR A JOB IT WOULD BE YOU,
I WISH I COULD ACT JUST A THIRD AS GOOD AS YOU, AND
WAS AS SURE FIRE IN WHAT I DID. AND YOU TAKE THIS LETTER
OR TELL ANY DIRECTOR THAT IF YOU DONT MAKE GOOD XXXXXX
XXX (I MEAN REAL GOOD) I WILL PAY FOR IT,
WE ARE AWAY DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE NOW,
BUT SEE JACK FORD ABOUT THE NEXT ONE.
BEST TO YOU AND I AM SORRY.

Will Rogers

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By BILL BRETT
Photos Courtesy Author

IF TEXAS ever divides into five states, as it's privileged to do, I think the Southeast Texas flag should have a Razorback hog on it. More than the Longhorn, he sure done his part to help us settle it up.

The first hogs in the Western Hemisphere was eight head brought to the West Indies by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. The range and climate was so favorable and they multiplied so fast that Cortes took a herd to the Mexico mainland in 1521 and from then on they was every Spanish Expedition's main food supply.

Old hog moved on north pretty steady, and was as far west as Arizona with Coronado by 1540. This was the same year DeSoto hit Florida and went looking for gold. He went up through Georgia, touched North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, back down through Alabama, crossed Mississippi, discovered the Mississippi River—which surprised thousands of Indians living on it who didn't know it was undiscovered—crossed it and made a pretty good round through Arkansas and Louisiana. Between what the Indians stole and what he spilled, DeSoto strowed seed stock over the whole route.

His journals record a big fight at a place called Mauilla in Alabama. When Indians tried to steal his hogs, they got two or three hundred head; and when the English settled the middle Atlantic Coast they had trouble with descendants of the DeSoto hogs eating their crops.

DeSoto's men made an expedition down into Texas after he died, and when they got back to the Mississippi River, they tried to trade with the Indians for hogs. DeSoto gave old Razorback a foothold on this continent that him and his high-bred kinfolk have been expanding ever since.

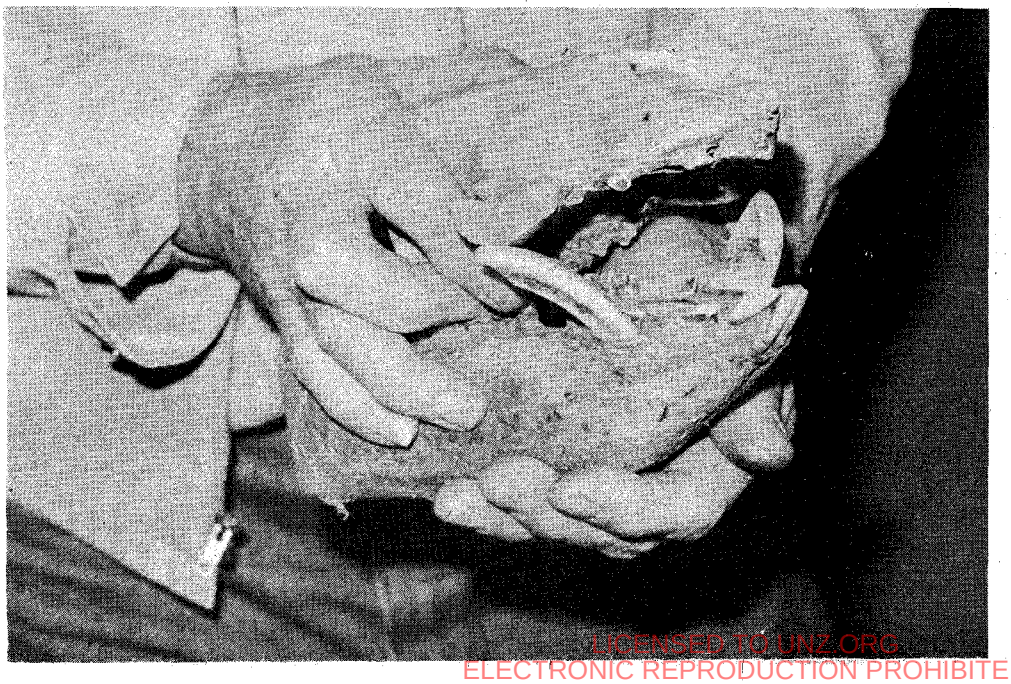
The Spanish moved on up the Mexican Gulf Coast and had a camp at Saltillo, Mexico by 1565 and was getting ready to jump off from there to establish a land route to Florida. Since they planned to establish base camps a few days' travel apart, this would have been the first time hogs was stocked in Texas; but 1565 was the year the Indians in Mexico went to raiding the Spanish mines and ranches and a lot of stock was moved across the Rio Grande to keep it from being slaughtered. Goats, horses, cows and hogs. Some of it was never moved back south and old hog had another foothold—good enough that in 1598 an explorer named Zaldivar recorded that he tried to buy hog lard from the Picuris Indians in central Texas.

Not just DeSoto but all the Spanish expeditions lost hogs or had them stolen, and there was always lots of hogs along their line of march a few years after they'd passed. From where the dry country starts in Central Texas on over to the Atlantic Coast was a hog paradise; with lots to eat, temperate climate and few natural enemies, old Razorback took to it like he'd come home.

RAZORBACKS

Ugly as sin but larrupin' eating, this mainstay "crop" of the Piney Woods had the added advantage of coming up volunteer!

Below (left), a good example of the way the whetter worked against the lower tush to keep it sharp. It also shows why a lot of times when a hog hit anything it left two cuts. (right) Two sows with pigs. Razorbacks come in all colors, solid and mixed.



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Above, the mounted head of an old barrow caught by John Henry Key and Pete Miller in the Trinity River bottom west of Hardin, Texas in 1970. The animal had Wallace Rive's ear marks, and Wallace made a fine lot of sausage out of him. John Henry had the head mounted for one of his sons. At top of page, a bunch of sows caught out in an opening have "rallied," that is, bunched up, ready to fight if necessary.

A RAZORBACK, in case you've had in mind the big fat hogs you see in feed-lots, ain't. Richard Parkinson described him in 1798 as "long in the leg, narrow on the back, short in the body, flat on the sides, with a long snout and rough hair. These hogs suffer hardships no other animal can endure." That about sums it today.

I guess I'd better say that what I write from here on is the way *we* done it and the way it was in Southeast Texas. Not even all folks here used the same methods, so I'm sure others done it different from us. The difference, though, don't have any bearing on just how important old Razorback was from the time the first settlers got here to the end of the 1930s.

Main thing, of course, was what people got from him: Meat that was easy to cure and keep without refrigeration; grease, the only kind they had; and soap. And, since hogs stayed in the woods until they was fat enough to kill, it didn't cost a penny.

Pork is about the only meat that can be preserved by salting and smoking (the only method practical to the settlers) or that will keep in a hot, damp climate such as ours. Beef could be dried in the sun but it took several hot dry days to do it, and all too often it'd come a foggy spell or a rain and spoil it. Incidentally, dried meat was always called "tasso" in this section. That's a Texicanized Mexican word meaning the same as jerky and I never heard it used except here.

Another advantage of hogs was they got fat and could be tended to and butchered in the winter when it was cold enough to save the meat, and a man didn't have much other work to do anyway. After it was salted and hung up and smoked awhile, it'd keep through the next summer without spoiling. About the only thing that would bother it was little white worms we called "skippers,"

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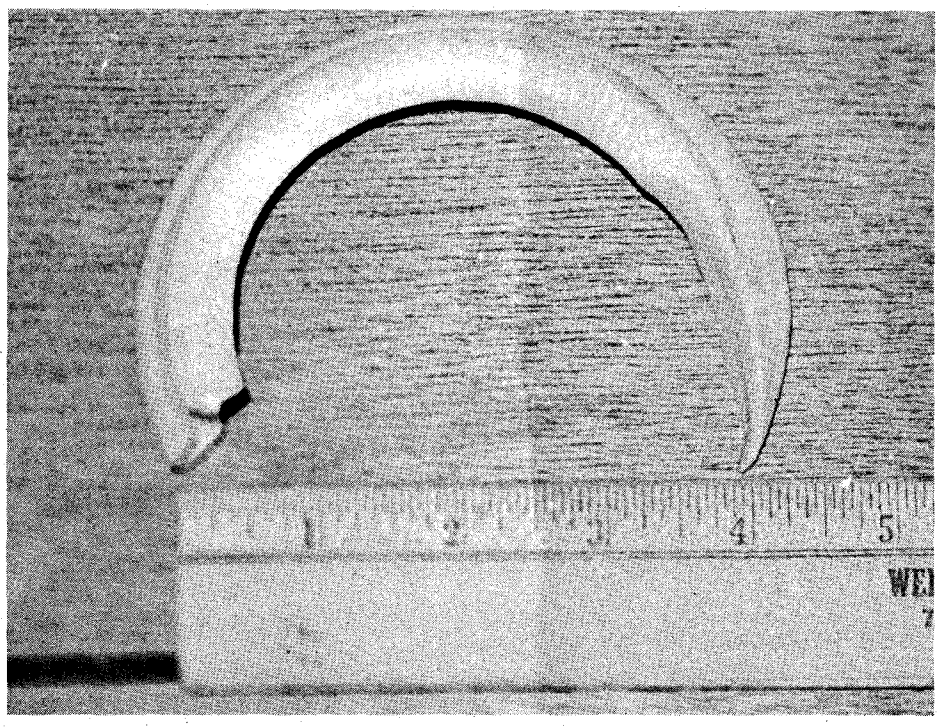

A fine specimen of an old boar hog's ivory. The upper tush, called the whetter, has worked perfectly, keeping a point on the lower tush. It is 9 inches around the outside curve, with 3 inches exposed and 6 inches anchored in the lower jaw.

and they'd be right on the outside and easy to wash off. Skippers didn't keep us from eating pork any more than plant lice on greens kept us from eating them.

ALL the grease used was rendered from hog fat and, like the meat, it kept good and would hardly ever get rancid before the second summer. Most people won't use it now, but back then there wasn't so many Henny Pennies ramming around the countryside screaming "Cholesterol! Cholesterol!" Besides it was all we had, and most folks figured to die when their time come and not because somebody said they et wrong. Sure did simplify living.

Nearly ever backyard had an ash hopper to leach lye out of hardwood ashes, and this was mixed with grease and maybe tallow and cooked up into soap. It wasn't like the bouquet-smelling kind you buy nowadays, but it'd clean. Lord, how it'd clean. Not only dirt out of clothes and off people's hide but, more important, it'd clean dishes and cooking utensils. (Any ex-soldier can explain why this is important. He learned it from eating out of a dirty mess-kit.)

Soap was also used at times to clean dirty words out of children's mouths, but in this it wasn't 100% successful.

As I mentioned before, a man didn't have to lose time out of the field in the summertime to tend to hogs. When he got slack time in the winter, he'd work them and get his bar's out to butcher. (A barrow was always pronounced "bar," here and that's what I'll call it.)

Hogs didn't feed over but four or five miles, and even if a man hadn't seen them for a year, he could generally depend on finding them on their range.

One thing, though, he absolutely had to have to work hogs was a dog. The dogs used in this section have been bred for hog and cow work for well over a hundred years, and the best of them know it by instinct. They're not like the Blue Leopard hog dogs out of Catahoula over in Louisiana. Ours are generally brindle, dun black-mouthed, or red ring-necked and have a little more "cow" in them than the Louisiana dogs. No bloodline records have been kept on them, but when a man had a good dog he'd breed it to the best he could find and over the years this has just naturally resulted in dogs that are born knowing how. Cattle as well as hogs. No use feeding two dogs to do one dog's work.

A pretty typical hog hunt would be along this line—two or maybe more men hunting together with two dogs. When they got to the range where they was going to hunt, they'd tell the dogs to go ahead. A good find dog would hunt back and forth a good ways in front of the men on horseback until he either winded hogs or hit a trail where they'd been feeding. When he got to them he'd go to baying, and the grown hogs would bunch up around the pigs and shoats and get ready to fight.

The sows and bar's would make short runs at the circling dogs and would be popping their teeth together and grunting until you could hear them a quarter-mile. This was generally spoke of as "rallyin'." The men wouldn't be long getting there after they heard the dogs, and the first thing they done was scatter a handful of corn. All the hog hunters carried corn, and hogs was always fed even if they were somebody else's.

This was the time to make the dogs get back a little so the hogs could quieten down and go to eating the corn. The men would look the bunch over and if they decided not to pen any, they'd usually scatter another handful of corn, call the dogs, and ride off and leave them feeding. Some old sows got so used to corn they'd come to a horsebacker far as they could see him.

If it was a bunch the men wanted, they'd let the hogs clean up the corn and then ride in and start them moving, men working behind and on the sides, and the dogs ahead. A good drive dog stayed in front, barking in their face and giving ground just slow enough that the old

(Continued on page 62)

This gives an idea of the size of the "hawgs."

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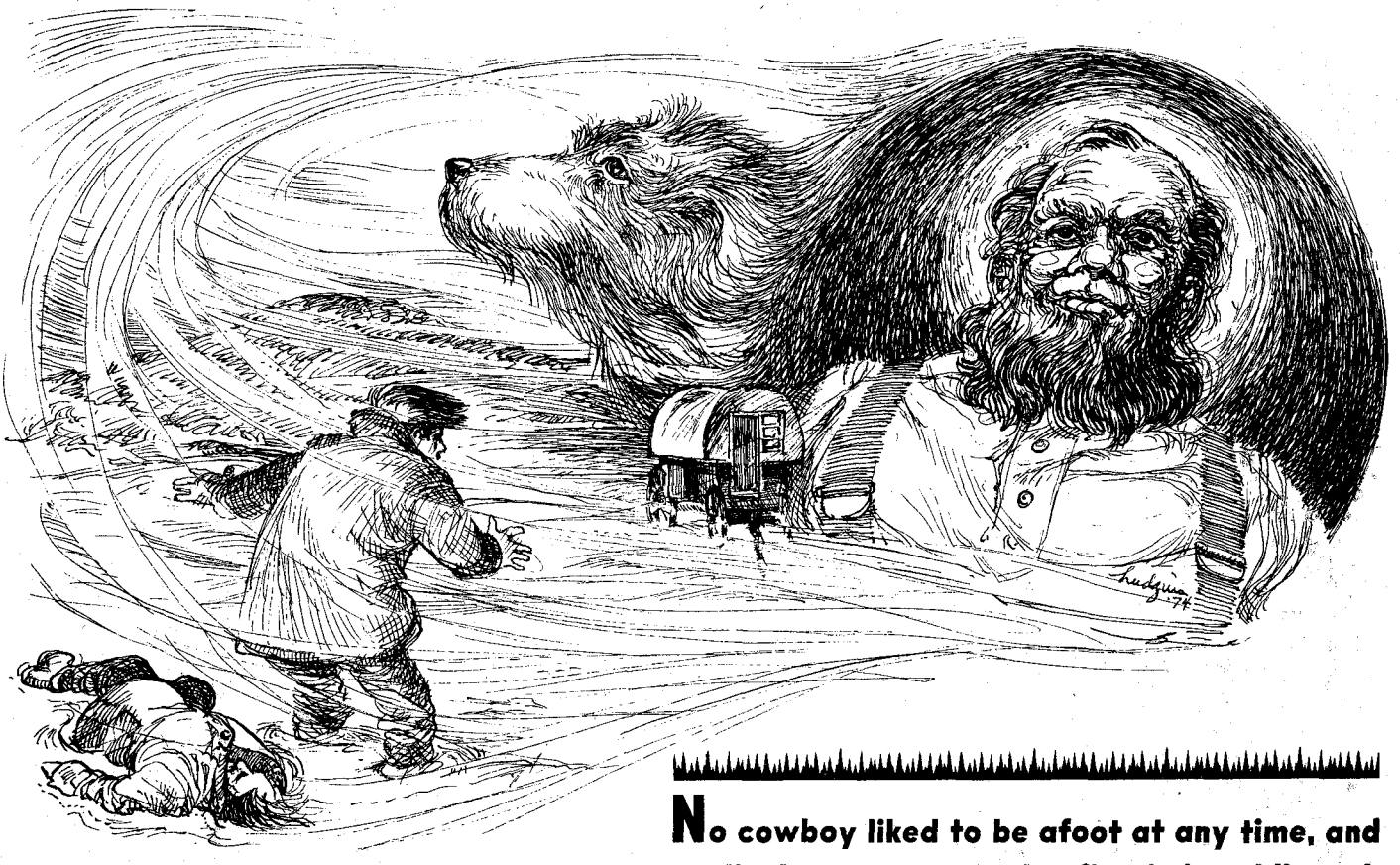

No cowboy liked to be afoot at any time, and they sure didn't hanker to be hoofing it in a blizzard. Probably the next top thing that galled their soul was to be

BEHOLDEN TO A SHEEPHERDER

By "OLD COWBOY" ED WRIGHT

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

IF THERE ever was a real cow country in the early days, Wyoming was the place. Wyoming was sure enough a rough country in more ways than one. It had its mountains for summer range for cattle, and its badlands too. Even the most worthless looking part of Wyoming turned out to be the Salt Creek oil fields, called the Tea Pot Dome. Everybody's heard of that oil field.

Tea Pot was a landmark, same as Saddle Rock was, in the same territory. They both was big old sandrock formations that stuck up like monuments on a ridge and looked like their names. You could see them for miles and miles. I filed on a homestead not far from there at the mouth of Sherwood Creek. The outfit I worked for wanted to hold it for stock water. There was a big spring on it, and they didn't want it fenced.

If you filed on a homestead and didn't establish residence on it within a certain time someone could jump your claim. Near the deadline we'd go to the land office and relinquish our right and refile on the same place. I held that homestead for several years for the outfit until I left and let it go back to the government. That place was where they first struck oil. I guess I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

The old saying is that everything is for the best. Most all the cowboys that had homesteads around there got rich so quick they didn't know what to do with their money. They either bought Stutz automobiles and used them to commit suicide with, or drank theirselves to death. Seemed like a cowboy couldn't stand that kind of prosperity.

This story's about one of the best real cowboys I ever knowed. He sure could use a rope and with a gun he didn't miss what he went after. Tex had a outfit close to Salt Creek. It had a big sulphur spring on it. You could smell that spring for miles when the wind was in the right direction. The water was cold as ice but the first time you took a drink you had to hold your nose. It was good water after you got used to it. There was sure some rotten water in that country.

Everybody carried guns. Most of the ranchers carried a .30-30 rifle on their saddles. You never saw any long drawed-out trials in those days. The law on a man's hip didn't take long to settle an argument. In fact, there wasn't as many arguments as most people think. You never could tell, a little feller with a six-gun was just as big as some great big windy old boy, and when an argument started, the trial could be over pretty quick.

Tex was one of those kind they all knowed would shoot first and argue afterwards. He would too. I rode for Tex for a long time. He had a heart in him as big as an ox. He had three places and moved from one to the other. Each ranch was in a different county, and all three counties joined each other close to the Salt Creek Ranch. Tex was hard for a sheriff to get in touch with. The Johnson County sheriff couldn't take him in Natrona County and the Natrona County sheriff couldn't take him in Johnson County; they never knowed for sure what county old Tex was in.

(Continued on page 59)

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DURING HIS famous voyage of discovery and adventure up the California Coast in 1541, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo sailed near the beach below Signal Hill and named the present San Pedro Bay "Bahia a Los Fumos," or as we would say, "The Bay of Smokes." According to legend, the smoke Cabrillo saw lying over the bay came from fires set by the Indians to drive game, bunching them for easy hunting.

In addition to being good hunting ground, "The Hill" may have provided the Puvas with a means of communicating with their neighbors. The resourceful Indians are said to have built signal fires on The Hill to send messages to tribes living on Santa Catalina Island—faster, easier and safer than twenty-six miles of ocean-going canoe-paddling to deliver the news in person.

Whether they learned the trick from the Indians or invented it on their own, the Spaniards used Los Cerritos (The Little Hills) as a signal station. When the padres of San Gabriel Mission established their outposts known as the Gabrieleonos, they arranged to have men sent running up The Hill at the first sign of enemy attack to warn the mission with puffs of signal smoke. Historians believe that from this life-saving custom the Americans, when they came, began to call Los Cerritos, Signal Hill. Less formal speculation shows The Hill being used by smugglers and pirates to signal their comrades under sail about ships that were heavily laden with gold, silver, and valuable merchandise. During the romantic period of the rancheros, the Spanish Dons continued to make use of The Hill's elevation, riding to its top to estimate the size and observe the movement of their vast grazing herds.

Submitted by WILLIAM F. MENDENHALL

A gusher on a windy day.

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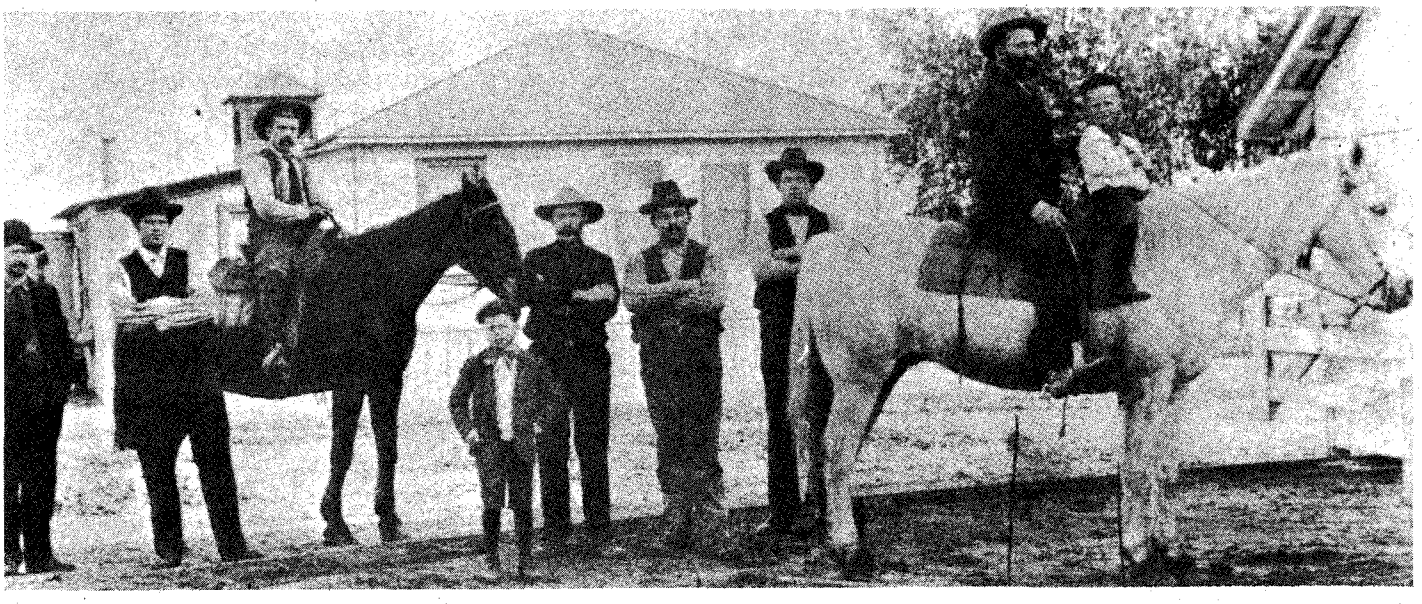

Lewis Denni, one of Signal Hill's pioneer businessmen, sits astride his favorite horse with his young son, Joe.

Signal Hill's first owner of record was Don Manuel Nieto. He acquired an immense 300,000-acre grant in 1784 from Governor Pedro Fages, acting in behalf of King Carlos III of Spain. The Nieto Grant spread out between the Los Angeles and the Santa Ana Rivers from the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains to the ocean, overlapping the old San Gabriel Mission.

In time Nieto developed this grant into six ranchos, running enormous herds of cattle and horses, making him one of the wealthiest men in Old California and creating an empire that was to last for sixty years for him and his heirs. After his death in 1804, his children lived on the Los Nietos property for a while, but soon began to divide it.

Many ranchos were formed from the northern section of the estate, while the southern half was divided into two parts. A son, Don Juan Jose, took charge of Rancho Los Alamitos (The Little Cottonwoods Ranch), and a daughter, Doña Miguela, claimed as her inheritance Rancho Los Cerritos. The two ranches lay side by side. What is now Alamitos Avenue divided Rancho Los Cerritos on the west from Rancho Los Alamitos on the east. They shared as their southernmost borders the shoreline of the Pacific Ocean and were destined to share remarkably similar futures.

Driving to Signal Hill in a wagon. No date, but probably some time in the 1920s.

Each ranch produced fat cattle and fast horses. Each became the property of New Englanders who came to California to claim brides and Mexican citizenship, as well as land holdings. Still later, each was purchased by members of the Bixby family. And finally, the boundaries of each covered the vast pools of oil that were to make Signal Hill famous.

DON JUAN JOSE built a handsome hacienda for Rancho Los Alamitos on the brow of a hill overlooking an ancient spring once used by the Indians. In 1852 Antonio Carrillo remembered visiting the old hacienda: "When I was quite a young man, about forty-five years ago. I was at the home of Jose at his request. I wrote a letter for him to the priest of the mission of San Gabriel notifying him to take away some sheep. . . ."

Jose Pastero, who was to become famous as a leader of Mexican resistance against John Charles Fremont and later as Governor of California, was only twelve years old when he visited Rancho Los Alamitos in 1809. "Nieto had on it about 8,000 or 9,000 head of cattle. He had on it three or four large houses, one very large corral and another smaller one. Some of the land was enclosed and under cultivation. He [Juan Jose Nieto] lived on it . . . before I was born and he continued to live on it until he sold it to Figueroa."

The sale caused a scandal. Figueroa was *the* Jose Figueroa, Governor of California for Mexico. He paid $500 for the entire 28,000 acres of Rancho Los Alamitos, which averaged out to two cents an acre—ridiculously low even then. The sale was rumored to have been a disguised payment by Don Juan Nieto for gubernatorial preference over his brothers and sisters during the subdivision of their father's estate.

The governor, whose finances did not match his ambitions, formed a partnership with two other men in order to fill the ranch with prime breeding stock. The partnership was called La Compania Agricola. Its brand—CA—was issued to

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Figueroa the day after he had officially confirmed the titles to Rancho Los Alamitos to Don Juan Jose. This happened years before Nieto's "sale" to Figueroa, making strong circumstantial evidence to support the bribery charge. Robert Prado, one of Figueroa's partners, administered the ranch, fattening profits by contracting with the padres of San Gabriel to slaughter Mission cattle and dispose of their hides and tallow.

The next owner, Abel Stearns, a shrewd-trading Yankee from Massachusetts, left conflicting accounts of what he paid and what he bought. In a letter to Jose Antonio Augirron dated April, 1840, he wrote, "I have been to examine the ranch of the Alamitos. We have also had a conference with Don Francisco Figueroa who has fixed the price of the ranch at 1,000 pesos. According to your list of large and small cattle and horse herds and calculating present prices, the value will not run much above 4,000 pesos." At another time he boasted, "I bought my Rancho Los Alamitos in 1841 for $6,000 including 900 cattle, nearly 1,000 sheep and 240 horses." Later testifying in court, he belittled the purchase: "There were six square leagues of land, a small house and a few other trifling articles worth some $200'."

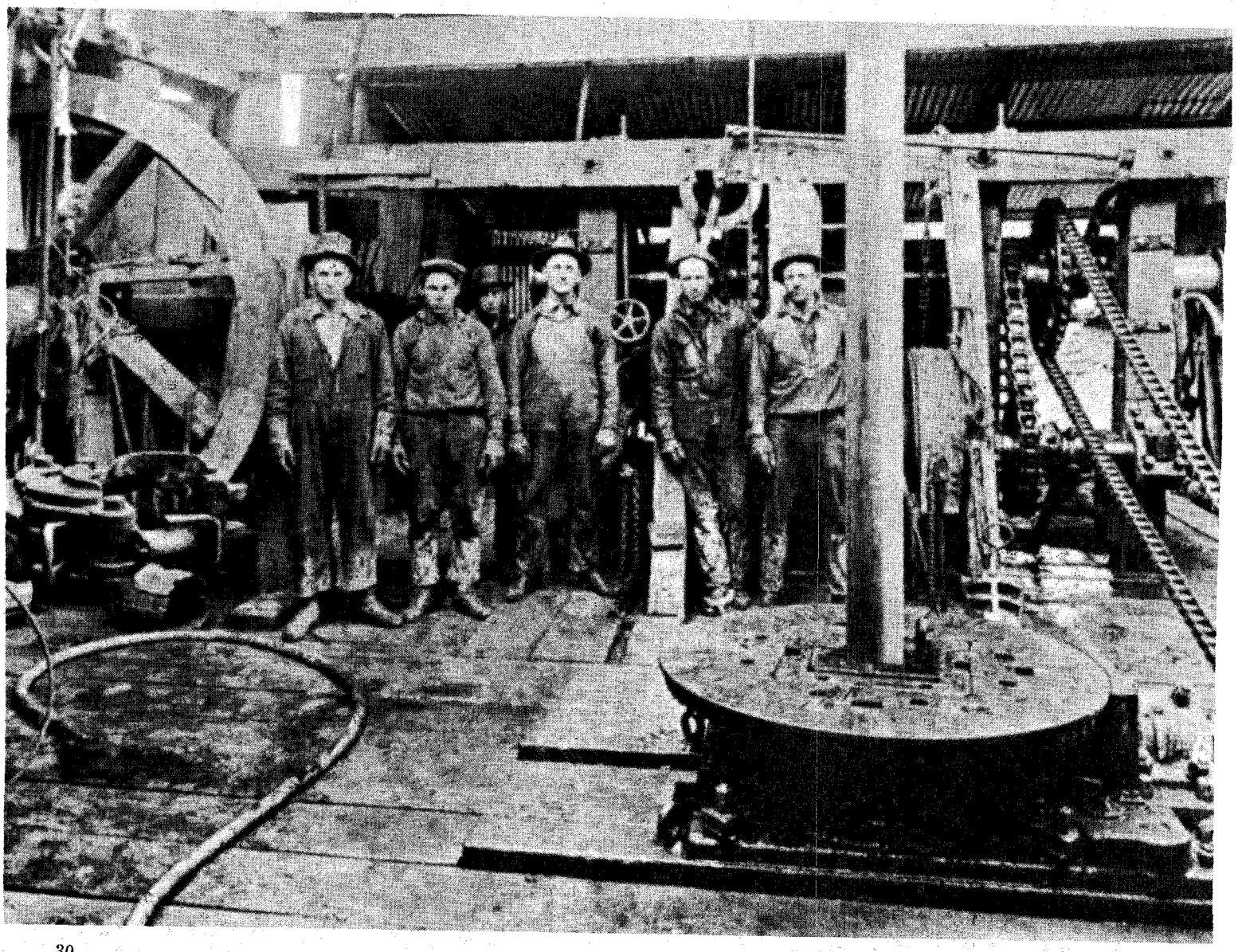
For all his sharp ways, Don Abel—a title he earned with his Mexican citizenship—worked with New England elbow grease throughout California's "splendid idle '40s" and became just about the wealthiest and most influential merchant in the southland. His industry was aided and abetted by the gold rush which rocketed the value of his property and livestock to $92,086 as assessed by the County of Los Angeles in 1850, less than ten years after his purchase.

In the meantime, Los Alamitos' twin, Rancho Los Cerritos, had been acquired by that other Massachusetts Yankee, John Temple who married an in-law of the Nieto family, buying out the interests of the rancho from his wife's relatives.

IT WAS the boast of the Californians under the Mexican flag that a man could travel from one end of the state to the other without a penny in his purse, such was the open-handed hospitality of the Dons. Some of their capacity for enjoyment rubbed off on the Yankees. The two neighbors engaged in friendly rivalry over the excellence of their horses.

Every year their fastest mounts, riders

Above, this was the type of tanker used by Standard Oil to transport oil at the turn of the century. Below, a Signal Hill drill crew in 1923. Left to right in front row: Fred Spreen, Otto Kinney, John Augsburger, Roy Blodgett, last man on right unidentified.



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proudly wearing the colors of their ranches, raced from Signal Hill to the ocean, rounding a stake near the present Pacific Coast Club and Villa Riviera and back to the finish line. It was a gala event for the countryside. The señoritas dressed to be seen. Men and boys wagered on the outcome and shouted their favorites toward victory. One year the owner's stake was 1,000 head of cattle, won by Arrow Becerro, a fleetfooted bay from Temple's Rancho Los Cerritos. Gambling was part of life in Old California. One young lady sent two vaqueros, her suitors, to race between Rancho Los Cerritos and Rancho Los Alamitos, marrying the winner. Those were golden days, filled with tranquillity and laughter.

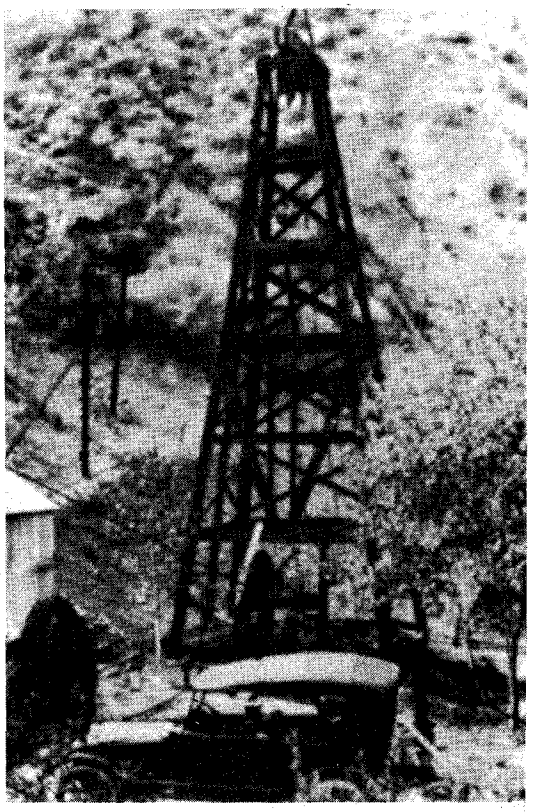
Then bad years struck. Inflationary prices and litigation over property rights leached away Stearn's profits. The winter of 1862 brought damaging floods and was followed by a great drought. Every ranch owner suffered, and many lost everything they had. Cattle died of thirst and starvation by the thousands, creditors screamed for payment on the ranch's awesome needs for supplies and maintenance, and worst of all principal and interest on a twenty-thousand-dollar loan from Michael Reese that was long overdue ruined Stearn. Reese picked up Los Alamitos at the sheriff's sale for $31,000. It was much the same with Temple who first was forced to mortgage Rancho Los Cerritos and finally to sell out.

THE STORY of Signal Hill in the last half of the 1880s belongs to the Bixby clan. In 1851 Llewellyn Bixby and his brother Ainsa boarded a side-wheeler in New York City bound for California, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, in order to visit cousins who were seeking gold at the Volcano diggings near Sacramento. When the cousins, Dr. Thomas Flint and Benjamin Flint, returned home, they took Llewellyn with them. A few months later the trio began the extraordinary feat of driving 2,000 head of sheep from Illinois to Los Angeles County and then on to San Jose, California.

They returned to the southland in 1866 with enough cash to buy Rancho Los Cerritos from Temple for about eighty cents an acre. Their letters must have glowed because a dozen years later other members of the Bixby family, together with their friend I. W. Hellman, bought Rancho Los Alamitos for $125,000. The Bixbys converted both ranches to sheep raising.

In 1880 they sold an option on 4,000 acres to William E. Wilmore, a former English teacher who seemed to live under a cloud of bad luck. Falling victim to the majestic view from The Hill to the sea, he dreamed of creating a fashionable residential community to enjoy the view with him. Offering small lots at $2.50 a parcel, he promoted Wilmore City throughout the nation, but after four years his "city" contained only twelve

(Continued on page 58)



Above, the first commercial oil well in California. Pico Canyon near Newhall, in Los Angeles County. Below, Judge Widney's G.O.P. Railroad (Get Out and Push) was intended to take prospective buyers to and from his suburban dream development, Wilmore City. But, as its popular label implies, it often needed a helping hand from the passengers to climb the grades. This was the "improved" system, with iron rails and steam engine.

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Wanted Posters

(Continued from page 14)

colorful, though hardly precise. Fingerprinting was still twenty years in the future and the sheriffs relied heavily on social and physical characteristics. One fugitive was described as "of the cheap bad-man type and will associate with toughs if in town." Another was "some on the dude order." Officer James T. Stewart in Cripple Creek, Colorado offered a $25 reward for escapee Fred Hill, distinguished by a "shuffling levee-gait walking."

The descriptions were unabashedly blunt and prejudicial. "Small, inferior man, looks like an Italian or Frenchman," read one. "Is a Jew; talks and looks like one," wrote Greeley, Colorado Marshal D. F. Camp.

WHO were the wanted men from three-quarters of a century ago? They were Montana train robbers, East Coast embezzlers, wife deserters and safe blowers. One was an "all around buncosteerer and confidence man." Another was a "smooth little fellow . . . adapted to gambling." Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, was a little of everything. Though his "occupation" was cited as cowboy and rustler, his "criminal occupation" was listed as "bank robber, train robber, horse and cattle thief, rustler, 'hold-up' and murderer."

The Wanted Men walked with "swaggering gaits" or "toed-in like an Indian" or "toed-out" or "a trifle pigeon toed." They had festers, running boils, and an assortment of India ink marks. One had a bleached appearance "from having been in jail for one year."

They were "cigarette fiends" and were "shattered by dissipation." They were "infatuated with gambling" and "frequenters of farobanks." A Staunton, Illinois murderer with a $2,000 price on his head was "a coal miner and an anarchist." A man accused of defrauding a county was described as "a baseball enthusiast."

They had nicknames which would make a Mafioso ashamed. Fugitives like "Windy Jake," "Whiskey Jim," "Miner Red," "Missouri Moore," "Black Jack" and "The Arizona Kid" are perpetuated solely in their posters. One wonders, though—how many "Arizona Kids" were there?

They had varied occupations and the sheriffs who posted bounties for them would often make a crack about it. Wrote E. E. Clark, Sheriff of Weld County, Colorado about one confidence man: "Claims to be in business of retouching photographs, retouches people also, touched a man yesterday for twenty-seven dollars, and skipped on noon train, think went Boulder way, but may have gone Cheyenne or Denver way."

They patronized "cheap hotels and low class saloons." They were "very fond of whiskey and when in possession of money will be found around drinking resorts." A forger wanted in Buena Vista, Colorado "loafs around saloons and is a hard drinker." There was more than enough fuel for the temperance leagues' fires.

Only a few women were Wanted and there are few rape reports. Did Victorian morals say it wasn't proper to report a rape?

How much was a Wanted Man worth? Usually $10 for something common, like the theft of a bicycle, and perhaps another $5 was offered for the return of the "wheel." However, often as much as $100 was offered, leading one to believe it may have been the only bicycle in the whole county—or perhaps the mayor's bicycle—that got heisted. The stolen bicycles were described in tedious detail, probably because serial numbers hadn't been invented yet.

Horse stealing, of course, was frowned upon, but those lucky enough to escape the lynch mob were worth only about a $150 bounty. More valued were the train robbers who were trailed by Pinkerton's and the express companies and who were worth usually a four-figure reward.

There was a $300 reward for murderer Frank William Funk, alias Wilson, alias Nicholson, alias Edward Bald the Professional Bicycle Rider, wanted in 1899 for axe-killing, assault and robbery. Described as a horse-bettor who bragged of his muscles and who associated with lewd women, his affairs with several simultaneous wives were outlined. Wrote the Washington, D. C. police chief who was looking for him: "This man is a deserter from the U. S. Army, a bigamist, a thief and murderer. Also a forger." To make sure you caught the right Frank William Funk-Wilson-etc., his poster included a map of the twenty-five scars upon his body.

Posters described characters such as E. Upton Lovejoy, twenty-eight, schoolteacher and itinerant, said to have heisted $1,300 from the till at a state reformatory. Or Samuel Moser, thirty-two, said to have shot and killed his wife and three children in May 1900, in Illinois and turned westward for a life of hoboing. Or Frederick "Pinky" Fishel, "an American Hebrew" who absconded with $19,000 from a racetrack.

If law officers were blunt in those days, they also added an occasional note of courteous urgency. "We are very desirous of effecting his capture," wrote one sheriff. "Please keep a sharp lookout for him. . . ."

In these days of political kidnappings and aerial highjackings, it is difficult to imagine a time when you could get yourself hanged for stealing a horse. But one thing, at least, has survived from those days—the cry for law and order.

Today it is heard through the teletypes and computers. At the turn of the century it was echoed by mail from Hole-in-the-Wall to Tombstone. Law officers maintained watchful vigils and assisted each other, with the wanted poster being their only link. They responded to the cries of men like S. G. Fuller, Mayor of Windsor, Colorado, who implored in bold-faced type after the town marshal was assaulted "with a pair of knucks," "Help a brother officer to get revenge."

When Dodge City and Cripple Creek were more than tourists' dreams, the Western sheriff who survived faced an angry threat from the squint-eyed sneak thieves and swindling suspects depicted in the posters. Warned a Pinkerton's bulletin: "Officers attempting to arrest these men are warned that they are desperadoes, always carry firearms, and do not hesitate to use them when their liberty is endangered."

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

I am retired now and will be eighty years old by the time this letter comes out in TRUE WEST. I've been living in Mexico for five years, but the cost here is now equal to the United States, so I'll be better off in California. I've been buying TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES for 74¢ in American money in Chihuahua.

As I'm returning to the States, I'm giving you my address there.—Bill Henneberger, 8825 Coromar Ave., Atascadero, California 93422

Movie Greats

I have enjoyed your stories on yesterday's stars. There's a "Damon Runyon Twist" to Bill Boyd and his Hopalong Cassidy T. V. success. The filming of the series by Producer Sherwin, to be produced and distributed by Paramount, was considered just another Western by the featured actors then vying for stardom. It seems that Gary Cooper, George Imboden, George Arlen, Bill Boyd, etc. all wanted "drawing room" parts and when the series lead came up they all ducked. The others laughed like mad when Bill Boyd was stuck with it. The others did make "the drawing room" from time-to-time but the Western background pictures were their best. Cooper made it big. Imboden, after starring in several Zane Grey epics, was loaned out to star in Dreiser's "American Tragedy" on Broadway, and Arlen appeared in many A's, B's, and C's. But Boyd? He did a variety of parts, and ended up in the forties doing a spate of Hopalongs each year (in a batch) and then touring the world for the rest of the year.

As time went on, it seems that Boyd's producer poured more cash into the productions than into Bill's pockets. Finally, and here's the Runyon twist, the producer, thinking the series had been "shown out" and had little value left, settled Bill's back pay by giving him all rights to Hopalong, including all the films.

Then came television and Bill's series was about the only one not controlled by the studios and available for T. V. We all know the rest and it couldn't have happened to a grander guy and his wife, Grace Bradley.

There's a terrific book to be researched and published by someone, sometime, based on compiling a composite list of those appearing (including stunt men) in Western films (series, Zane Greys and other epics) and writing up a pre-during (active performing), and after (to the present) of all names that appeared on film. The supplementary "befores and afters" in many cases beat the "durings."—John Stockton, 360 S. Burnside Lane, Los Angeles, California 90036

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CARL COLLINS COULD TAKE

A WESTERN MAN was versatile largely because he had to be. Not only were Western men good horsemen; they also knew and managed cattle. They were efficient veterinaries. In a pinch, nearly all could set bones and deliver babies. Many a child has been born with only a cowboy in attendance. They were good nurses, and they could make a coffin and bury the dead.

The Western man could make a habitation of whatever raw material was available, from sod to adobe, and logs to rough-sawed lumber. They could and did have the ability to raise crops, and if water was available, to construct and use irrigating ditches. They were qualified to repair machinery and tan leather.

A Western man was a competent butcher and a good camp cook. He could represent his community in the legislature and do it honestly. He provided food with a gun, which he also found convenient for the protection of his family, his herd, and himself. Some of those old-timers could even repair and make guns. They could mold bullets. They could build roads and fences. Many of them, and especially those who lived on or near mountains, had an amazing

The frontier had a lot of sorry men, a lot of passable men, and

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IT FROM SCRATCH

By GEORGE DeSPAIN
as told to EVE BALL
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

knowledge of mineral deposits and were expert prospectors. Nearly all were good dancers and many could play the fiddle or guitar.

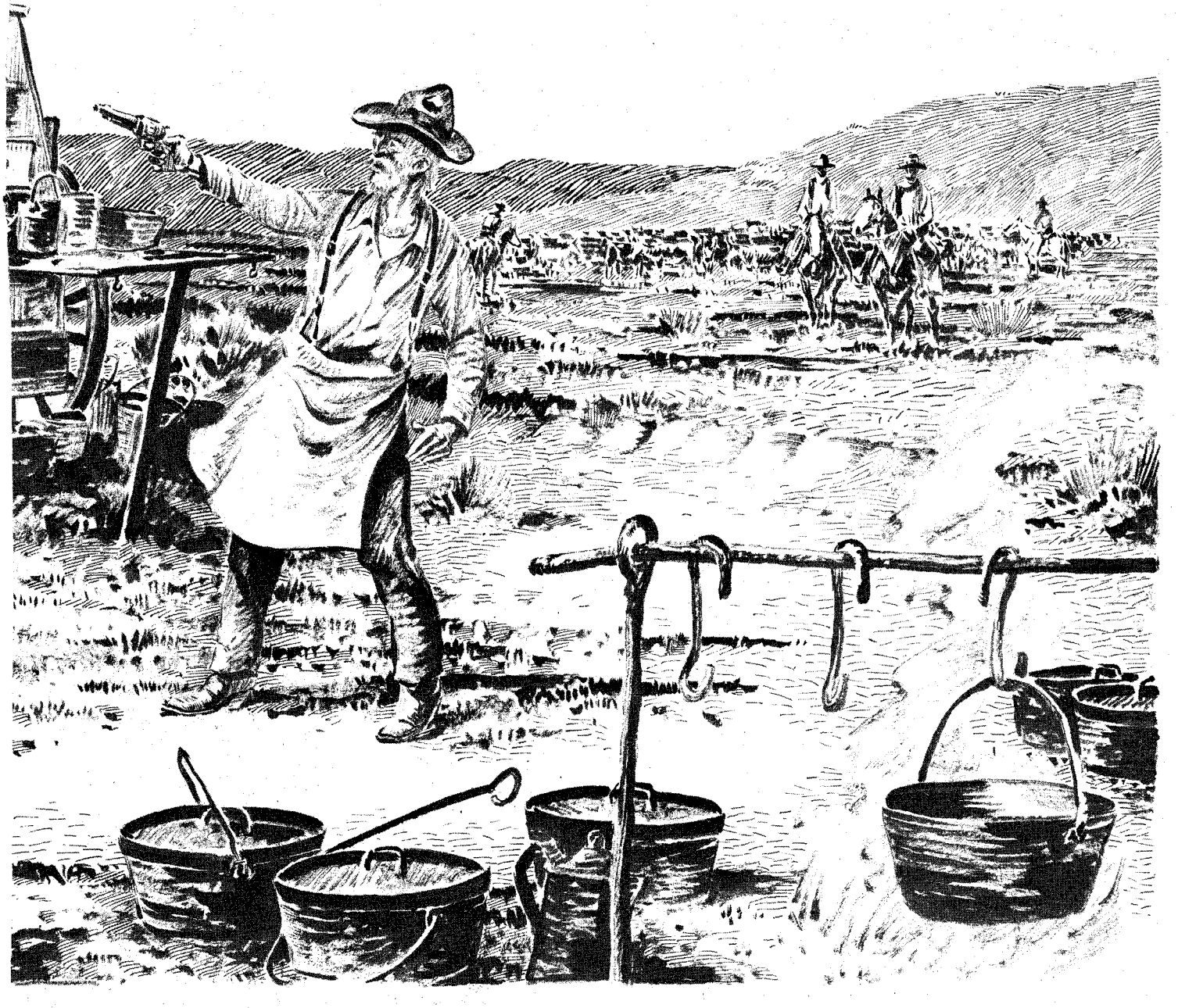
Such a man was Carl Collins. He might have been a jack of all trades but he was also a master of several—cowboying, prospecting and gun-making. He could and did make gun barrels and, when business was slow, turned out beautifully made and accurately shooting pistols.

If forced by circumstances, Carl could administer justice without the assistance of the law. In many instances it was far more equitable than is the expensive and dubious enforcement of today.

Carl was born in New Mexico in 1880 in a shack a mile and a half from the confluence of the Sapello with the Gila. In those days of Apache depredation, it might have seemed wiser for his father to have placed the habitation near the mill where the lumber for it had been sawed. But access to the water both for the use of the family and the stock was difficult because of the rough terrain. There was a corral near the house, but his father had to keep a wagon a half-

(Continued on page 47)

scattered in among them a lot of real old-time Westerners



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This Was Tahlequah

(Continued from page 23)

the foremost man of the race, bringing his word that he would spend Thanksgiving with them, which caused rejoicing in all the tepees in the Valley of the Washoe—in the town, by the lake, and mountainside, in Washoe County, Nevada on the eastern shore of Lake Tahoe, where we were making the picture.

The spokesman leading, in single file they passed, erect and free, like men who had performed a mission. Will paused to look after them on their way to the gate. I asked him if he could tell why the Cherokees moved away from their home in Georgia to settle in the wilderness that became Indian Territory. Without a smile, without bitterness, in a matter-of-fact way, as if it were the only answer to the question he had ever heard, "Yes, that damned old Jackson."

Then there came over him a new, strange look and bearing, in which he unconsciously expressed a deeper feeling than I dared attempt to explore—and no more was said about it.

IN 1830, when General Jackson became President, Congress had set aside this Territory to be their own forever, or until they became extinct or abandoned it. For this reason they gave up their homes in Georgia to endure the danger and hardship of western travel, to erect a nation of civilized Indians in the wilderness, where their progress and culture met impediments from such neighbors as the unterrified Apache, Comanche, Kiowa, and other wild tribes. Yet, with fatalistic fortitude which forever marks the Cherokee fullblood, they began their last exodus. In thousands they trailed on the first leg of their journey to take the boats on the river.

The oldest woman among them, long known for her wisdom and prophetic warning words, turned for one last look down on the beautiful valley. Facing east, she stood, stretching forth her arms, and with a piercing scream of anguish fell dead. After performing for her the ancient burial rites of the tribe, the men moved on their way in solemn—or as some told it—sullen silence. But the women and children kept up the wild mourning wail that has ever been known as the last cry of the Cherokees.

Now in their town of Tahlequah we saw the Cherokee Nation of native Americans making the last stand ever to be made on this continent by men of their race for legislative independence.

The Legislature met on the first floor of the Capitol, a well-made three-story building in the center of town. Among the prominent members we heard such names as Honorable A. Rattling Gourd, Turtle At Home, Jesse Bushyhead, The Crying Buffalo, Judge Black Sixkiller, Judge Going Snake, Bark Flute, Beaver's Grandmother.

Honorary names are sometimes bestowed on white friends who have rendered forthright service in their behalf, but the illustrious name, Beaver's Grandmother—the symbol of wisdom, industry and virtue—was held by but one outsider, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the white man who talked straight.

In a room 60′ by 100′, the Cherokee citizens who were fullblooded sat on raised seats along the walls. They wore American clothes. With them sat visiting chieftains, the Arapahos, the Osages, and the Bannocks from the north who wore their native regalia. Those who were part white, and the white Cherokee citizens (those who had married Cherokee women) had seats on the level facing the speaker's stand. The speeches were in English and Cherokee. By the speaker's stand stood an accomplished young man who translated each speech.

The Dawes Commission from Washington was in town to get the Indians to cease their tribal relations and accept the land in severalty and become like other citizens of the country. This measure was bitterly resented by several members who paid their respects to the Government to the white race that for generations had been getting the best of it.

The legislators gave evidence that they had acquired the poise, dignity, and culture which experience seems to give to deliberative bodies everywhere. We felt we were in the presence of men whose backgrounds of industry and perseverance raised them above their fellows. Without notes or seeming preparation, they spoke with an ease and sureness that comes with long practice. One tall, dark, hooked-nose statesman gave us something like this:

"We want the United States to understand this is a nation of Indians, a foreign state, not owing allegiance to any state in the Union, no potentate, or prince, or state, other than our own."

A scholarly looking member, in a dark Prince Albert coat, told us, "The white people send missionaries to teach us to keep the Sabbath, while they keep the Sabbath and everything else they can put their hands on!"

Speaking from the extreme left of the hall, a learned gentleman in steel-rimmed glasses and long hair clinched his long speech with words like these: "Their writers, theorists, and many of their statesmen have always looked upon us as a doomed people, and now it seems we have a commission from Washington to put the theory into practice. No, no matter what they propose, or what treaty we sign, a large portion of our nationality must be relinquished until, where now we are permitted to see the mask of freedom, we will then behold the uncovered front of tyranny!"

That history repeats itself was evident when I saw these free men battling for their people and for their right to remain a self-governing body, to speak for their kinsmen, to advance and progress in their own way and by their own standards without the consent or authority of any other power.

Here was a reminder of the Virginia convention where Thomas Jefferson and John Adams saw Patrick Henry, after a five-minute speech, advance into immortality.

Here we had a mirror of another parliament which brought about the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland on the motion of Lord Castlereigh, of whom Lord T. B. Macauley declared, "The words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips. From that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition!"

And Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon arraigned the measure in these words: "Could the act of Union be referred to a court of law, it must at once have been cancelled as a contract hopelessly tainted by fraud and corruption."

The Irish playwright, John Banim, adroitly transferred this scene to an-

Luke on location in Alaska with George Melford production, "Rocking Moon." Left to right: Laska Winter, John Bowers, Luke Cosgrave, and Lilyan Tashman.

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cient Greece—for political reasons—in the second act of the play we were to do that night, "Damon and Pythias."

With the consent of the manager of the theater, I invited the whole assembly to attend our performance that evening. Joe Rickards, of the well-known theatrical firm of Rickards and Nace, was the boss of the local house and entered into the spirit of the affair in a fine way. We raised the seats on the sides of the theater to make the visiting chieftains feel at home, and reserved a section on the floor for the other members. The people of the town heard about it. We saw to that. We had a good reserved sale and a packed house fully "representative." Every space was filled by ringing-up time.

MR. LINDSAY came to the side of the stage and was gratified to see such fine business. When the orchestra began the overture, the front curtain was raised and then Mr. Lindsay got his eye on the advertising drop.

"What's that?" he asked the house stage-manager.

"That? Why, that's the advertising drop. We always display it before the show and between each act."

"Not with this show. This is a classical play. You can't advertise blacksmith shops, beer saloons, drug stores, and hop bitters while this play is going on. Tie it up and keep it tied up during the performance."

The drop was tied up with two half-hitches and a bowline. Mr. Rickards came back and asked the reason. The stage-manager told him. "Mr. Lindsay," he said, "I have a contract with the merchants to display that curtain every time I open the house."

"I will not play if that drop is displayed, Mr. Rickards. Why, it would destroy the illusion!"

Mr. Rickards turned to his stage-manager. "I thought all the old legits were dead, but here is one right in my own house. I guess I'd better let him have his way, huh?"

"Sure," said the stage-manager.

"All right, Mr. Lindsay, for one night, anyway, we'll have art for art's sake." And away went Mr. Rickards to look after the front.

At the rise of the curtain we got a reception. Some way the Cherokee citizens got the impression we bore a message and a token to them from the universal lovers of freedom and self-government. When they saw us dressed in flowing robes and togas and some with helmets, swords and shields of the ancient Greeks, they seemed convinced we had something to tell them that they ought to hear.

The first act begins with Dionysius taking possession of the Citadel. As in the morning session, the interpreter would translate each speech into Cherokee and the actors would have to stand until he got the thought over. This embarrassed us at first but we soon got used to it and, after a couple of times, it seemed like the real thing.

The second act is in the Senate of Syracuse. The Senate is dissolved, the republic changed to a monarchy, and Dionysius chosen king. Philistus, president of the Senate, entertains a motion to bring about these changes.

Mr. Lindsay as Damon, replied with great dignity: "A king! What! With your own willing hands yield up the ancient fabric of your constitution to be a garrison, a common guard house, and for common cutthroats?"

This speech brought a strange kind of demonstration, a round of applause, then a murmur like a wail or a cheer. A few loud passages of explanatory conversation, and a few short cries from the visitors in native dress who were seated on the raised seats with the fullblood Cherokees made us think that Damon's speech had been intensified in the translation.

More dialogue was spoken and duly translated. Then came Damon's speech:

"Syracusians! No! I will not rail nor chide nor curse you—I will implore you, fellow countrymen; on bended knees, and with weak and broken speech I will implore you. But, Oh! I could bring such advocates before you. Your father's sacred images. Old men that have been grandsires. Women with children in their arms caught up in fear and hurry. And that these old men should raise their palsied arms and lift their shivering voices and those affrightened mothers should hold their innocent infants forth and ask, 'Could you make slaves of them?' . . ."

This got a good hand—and the translation got a better one. All eyes now were on the visiting chiefs, who seemed to hold a consultation. Then began a low chant which increased in volume and intensity until it became almost a shout. They left their seats and formed in single file. Good-naturedly the white people gave the red boys all the room they could. Around the hall they went, waving their hats and canes and feathered wands. When in front of the stage, they raised their arms and let us have the old Cherokee war-cry, then went back to their seats.

The actors and the audience tried to bring them back for an encore, but we could not induce them to add to the impromptu masterpiece. They would not repeat. Reverently they sat in silent dignity, as if they had performed a rite and to repeat it would be a sacrilege. No carefully rehearsed spectacle could have been more thrilling. And to this day the actors believe it was their inspiring work that brought forth this demonstration. Perhaps they are right.

I shall never forget these original Americans. They have much to teach us now, as they did in those days. It was an experience which taught me the worth of a man.

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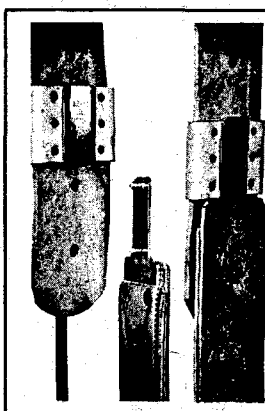

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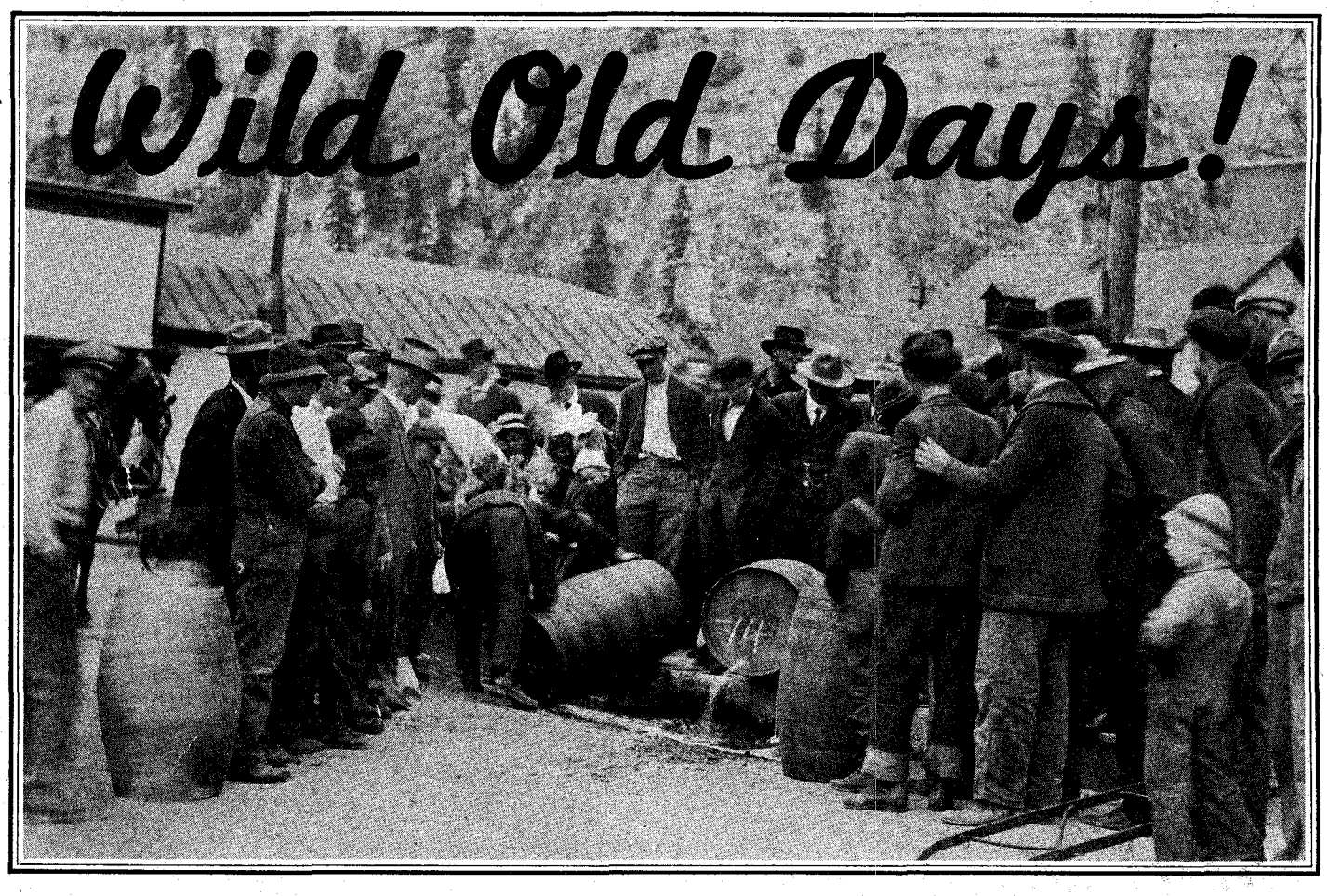


Above, citizens of Ouray, Colorado gathered to watch the dumping of a batch of illegal liquor. Below, the kegs of confiscated bootleg whiskey were ordered removed from the courthouse, to be followed by the emptying of their contents into the gutters of the town.

Photos Courtesy Ruth Gregory; Ouray, Colorado

OURAY'S 100 PROOF GUTTERS

By Lance Robbins

HOW the pious element in a Colorado mining town such as Ouray—as wild and wide-open as any in the San Juans at the turn of the century—managed to push through "local option," the pre-Prohibition way of trying to close saloon doors and stay the flow of booze, is hard to figure. At any rate, a thirsty local populace had an unexpected day off from its self-imposed temperance on a festive spring day in 1916 when, tin cups in hand, to a man they helped themselves to bootlegger Faletti's free drinks!

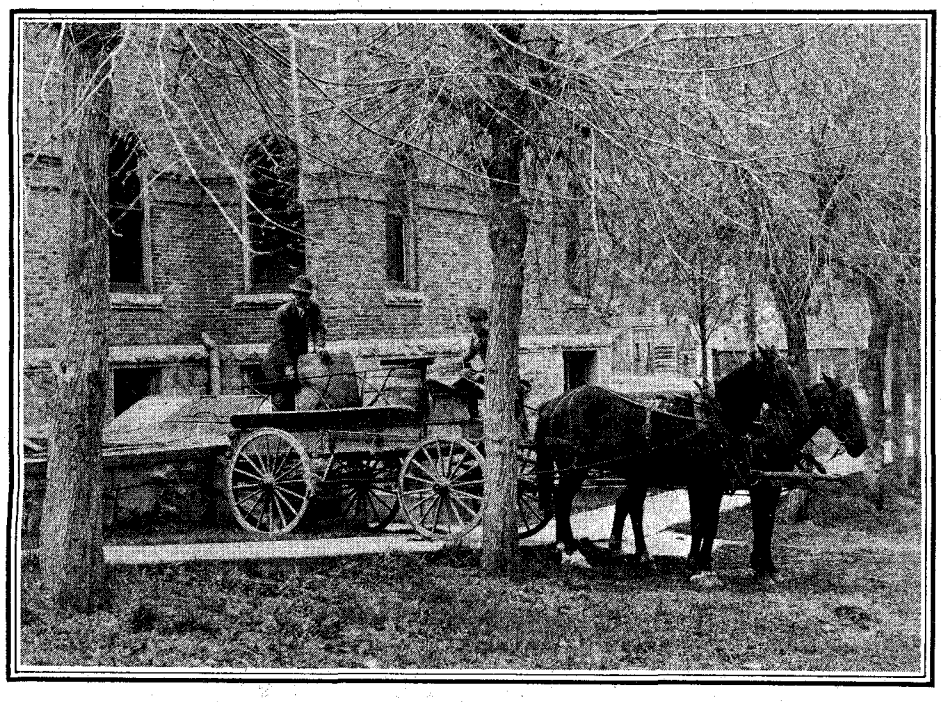
Although speakeasies of the Roaring Twenties, and mountain stills in the Ozarks put Chicago gangsters and hillbilly moonshiners in the Prohibition limelight, friction between bootleggers and law officers had started much earlier, even in hard-drinking towns like those of Colorado's ore-rich western slope.

Profitable bootlegging of whiskey required that it be illegal, and this came about long before the actual passage of the 18th Amendment (Volstead Act) in 1919. Many northern and mid-west states had already passed laws making them dry.

However, those bent on outlawing intoxicants realized that they must proceed slowly to get public support, and a plan for Prohibition was introduced only in localities where a majority favored it. This was "local option" and even in a western state of saloon-frequenting miners and cowboys like Colorado, there were, by 1916, wet and dry localities existing side by side.

Naturally, law enforcement officers were kept busy preventing this situation from becoming a golden opportunity for operators of illegal stills.

Saloons and their liquid refreshments



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were usually the biggest business in town, long regarded as a necessity of life by men who labored in mines or on the range for long hours all week with little other recreation in store on payday. As one observer of life in Ouray and similar mine camps of that era, Robert L. Brown, put it in his informal history, *An Empire of Silver*: "The saloons could always mine the miners. Often their only business was rowdyism. Quietly, patiently, they waited for the miners to be paid off. Wide-open towns furnished a proper environment and ample inspiration for the 'shearing of the lambs'."

Old-timers recall that gold-rich Telluride, over the mountain from Ouray, was so well-tunneled with abandoned mines that officers vainly searching for illegal stills sometimes simply dropped from sight. Meanwhile, a few miles away, a moonshine operation near Leadville produced the best "squeezin's" in the country. It was concocted from sugar beets and was famous throughout the mining region as "Sugar Moon."

FREE DRINKS were the last thing Ouray bootleggers had in mind on a late April morning in 1916 when the town's gutters ran with enough confiscated liquor to provide free samples for anyone on hand with a cup.

This was simply the final echo of a bootlegging case which took months to close. Soon after the first of the year, Ouray's Sheriff Krisher had at last succeeded.

The sheriff had been suspicious of the Falettis since a tip-off that something in the nature of large scale stilling, or at least dispensing of illegal stock, was going on in their home. It took nearly a year of secretly observing them, but at last a raid was carried out and an impressive supply of bootleg liquor confiscated.

Falletti was consequently convicted and by May was serving a three-months jail term. This was when his $450 worth of stock was poured into the gutter at the Ouray Drug Company corner of Main Street at ten o'clock Saturday morning, April 30, 1916, to bring out a thirsty populace numbering from 75 to 100, according to newspaper reports of the day.

The same newspaper report also published a list of the intoxicants dumped as follows:

1 full barrel whiskey
1 barrel bottled beer
10 bottles of beer
½ barrel whiskey
8 quart bottles of claret
1 dozen quart bottles of whiskey
14 quart bottles of whiskey
10 quart bottles of whiskey
8 quarts of wine
6 bottles of Burgundy
2 bottles of imported wine
16 mixed bottles of liquors
2 quarts XXX Kennessy
15 bottles mixed liquors
2 bottles Gordon malt
4 bottles of Benedictine

This list, spelling and all, is exactly as published in the news account, although their footnote is that "while the above list might have been consolidated to a considerable extent, it is published exactly as enumerated on the sheriff's list."

The Ouray *Herald* for May 5, 1916 also had this comment: "Two years ago a conviction of this character would have been practically impossible in Ouray County, but at this time sentiment has changed to a point where 90% of our residents heartily approved of the verdict of the jury and also the destruction of the liquors."

Actually, in spite of changing local sentiment which frowned on this activity by Faletti, it was several months after the raid before he was convicted and County Judge MacAdam's order for disposal of the illegal stock was carried out.

Perhaps the thought of all that good booze wasted was too much for even the law-abiding element in a mining town!

Abandoned mine tunnels provided perfect hideouts for bootleg stills.

EILLEY ORRUM— QUEEN OF HARD LUCK

By William Rutledge III

A RATHER unattractive girl in a poverty-ridden home in Scotland stared at the trails which garden snails had left on the Highlands earth. Somewhere, somehow, Eilley Allison decided, she was was going to be wealthy and admired. Mysterious messages seemed to emerge from the silvery thread-like skeins, assuring her of fulfillment for her impossible dreams, if only she could interpret them.

Missionaries from the Mormon Church persuaded Eilley, her sister and her brother-in-law, that their future lay in America. In 1842 the three of them sailed for the new land. Young Eilley—now called Orrum, which possibly was her brother-in-law's name—was heavy set, with flashing black eyes and profuse black hair; she carried only her outlandish hope for riches to supplement a few personal belongings.

In the primitive community of Nauvoo, Illinois, Eilley acquired her first husband, a church elder past middle age. It soon became apparent that he was not the key to the wealth she wished for. Disappointed that Eilley did not produce children, he added three young women to his household as wives. After their divorce, Eilley, with her sister and brother-in-law, decided to migrate to the land over which Brigham Young held dominion.

After her arrival in Utah, Eilley was in a general store one day when a hard-pressed Yankee entered to bargain for food and supplies. Among the articles he offered was a crystal ball. Eilley made it known that she wanted that item and eagerly offered to work for the storekeeper until the ball was paid for. Enoch Reese was amused. To him such merchandise was worthless. He gave her the crystal ball.

Every night her black eyes sought the secrets of the crystal for revelations that would lead to her goals, which she now described as "rubies and babies" with the gems coming first.

She thought she saw the initials A. C. and tried to match those initials with men in that locale. A young farmer namer Alex Cowan soon fell into her snares. After a week of brisk romancing they were married. However, Alex did not share Eilley's obsession for wealth and was content with the elemental life of the crude pioneer people.

Soon after reports began to circulate about the strikes in Gold Canyon, Eilley discerned a "ton of gold" in her crystal ball. She asked how much that would be worth and Alex shrugged, "A million dollars, I guess." So Eilley began to build, prodding her husband into erecting a substantial cabin for her. When he was ordered back to help defend Salt

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Lake City, she told him to go on without her.

After Alex left, Eilley turned the cabin into a boarding house and concentrated on her crystal ball. Among her boarders was the tall and gaunt "Old Pancake" Comstock. She took a keen and personal interest in him and the other prospectors who roomed at her house. One man, unable to pay his board bill, signed over his claim to a ten-foot strip in Washoe Valley.

"I am Eilley Orrum, Princess of Washoe!" she is reported to have exclaimed.

L. S. "Sandy" Bowers, a teamster from Missouri, owned the claim next to Eilley's and boarded at her building next to the saloon. Soon he was lingering after supper to help her with the dishes and tidy up the kitchen. One afternoon two men from San Francisco arrived and announced that assays showed silver, worth more than $1,000 per ton, had been found on their claims. Eilley was stunned. She had been looking for gold and had found silver! But here, at last, was the wealth she had hoped for!

She began to hold parties in her boarding house, serving champagne brought by pack mule from San Francisco. Meanwhile, her divorce from Cowan became legal. After a summer of such frontier sociability, Bowers murmured, "We'll be married whenever you say." Eilley scheduled the ceremony for the next afternoon!

THE FIRST mule train to San Francisco took ore that sold for $160,000. With wealth pouring into her hands, Eilley realized that the second part of her dream was also coming true. She gave birth to a son, John Jasper.

Blue-bottle flies hovered over the sickly baby. Coyotes howled on the hillsides. Candles lighted the cobwebbed rafters of the big cabin Alex Cowan had built. And Eilley still found time to stare into her crystal ball, which predicted a world of plenty.

Within three months, Eilley's first-born was dead, but the Bowers mine was yielding $15,000 per month. Eilley demanded that Sandy build a mill to process the ore. The spring of Lincoln's first inauguration saw the great Comstock Lode become a booming reality. Plans were drawn up by Mr. and Mrs. Bowers for a mansion that would awe the entire West.

Eilley gave birth to a second child, a girl who was christened Theresa Fortunas. At a lavish banquet at the International Hotel, the couple entertained guests and announced the family would be traveling to Europe.

People on the ship regarded the Bowers as simple and kindly and fantastically prosperous. Then, the day before the ship docked in London, little Tessie died suddenly. Eilley was dazed. The baby had been getting chubbier every day!

Eilley at first wanted to take the next boat back to America but while waiting for passage, changed her mind. Instead she and her husband visited her mother in Scotland, who scarcely recognized her rich daughter and was not at all impressed with her wealth.

In London and Paris, Eilley was thwarted in her determination to be received by royalty. Sandy simply could not assume any airs and bluntly and freely admitted that he was just a rough teamster. His wife went on a wild spending spree. On the ship homeward she adopted a young girl, whose mother had died on the journey, and named her Persia.

THE MANSION became one of the finest estates ever seen in America, but the Bowers' luck was beginning to change. Sandy, working day and night, contracted tuberculosis and moved to a ramshackle dwelling near the mine. He never had felt at ease in the lavish luxury of the mansion over which Eilley ruled.

Sandy had signed notes and given loans to all his old friends. He knew he was rich and he simply couldn't turn down any request for financial aid.

Little Persia was lonely and restless in the great mansion, but Eilley never neglected her crystal ball. She saw a picture of Virginia City being destroyed by flames and explosions. Every night this prophetic picture came to her in clearer detail.

"A good man to the end," was her anguished comment when Sandy died in 1868. She arranged the most impressive funeral possible. Sandy's memory seemed to haunt her. She treasured every memento he had left, but continued living as she had in the days when the mine had yielded more than $1,000,000 a year. The stacks of notes Sandy had taken for cash were virtually worthless. Eilley ordered legal judgments against those whose names were on the notes, but nothing could be collected on them.

San Francisco financial powers—Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien—came to take command. Eilley was forced to start mortgaging her possessions, while production at the mine fell to its lowest point. The crystal ball showed fires sweeping over Gold Hill—a prediction that was to come true.

In 1873 newspapers announced the "Bowers Mansion Grand Gift Entertainment." There would be 300 gifts, each a choice article from the lavish mansion, and the building itself would be the first prize. Eilley was resigned to parting with everything except the mansion, and through a seance, Sandy had told her not to worry, she would be holding the winning stub.

Tickets sold slowly. The drawing was held after an afternoon concert in the mansion, with stubs being drawn from a wooden box set under Sandy's portrait. One by one the gifts were awarded; the winner of the mansion was a ticket which Eilley held.

Now, able to pay the mortgage, Eilley decided to turn the estate into a resort. She sent Persia off to a boarding school in Reno where the adopted girl faded in strength and died. Eilley claimed her body and laid Persia to rest in the vault on the granite shelf next to the remains of John, Theresa, and Sandy.

As the Washoe petered out, Eilley was finally forced to go to San Francisco, live with friends, and set herself up as a fortune teller. The mansion passed from one owner to another; tramps lived in the bathhouse and other buildings.

In 1901 she entered the Home of the Kings' Daughters, still doggedly predicting that the "Comstock will soon revive." Eilley would preface her remarks with the comment, "When I re-open my mansion. . . ." She spoke frequently of its eighty rooms and luxurious appointments.

In the summer of 1903 Henry Riter bought the rundown structure and decided to restore it as a resort. He had a fine sense of the dramatic and offered Eilley a front room in which to tell fortunes. Eilley was elated. She was seventy-six years of age and had endured poverty and degradation for more than twenty-five years. Now came the chance to return to her rightful glory!

Return she did—but too late. On November 15 a party of friends, including a former governor of Nevada, accompanied the ashes of Eilley Orrum back to her mansion in Washoe Valley. The little Scotch girl who'd wanted wealth had died a month before and had been cremated. One hopes her spirit dwells with her beloved Sandy and the wild raw land that made them hard-luck millionaires.

A NEW MEXICO INCIDENT

By E. P. Ripley

PILAR is a small Spanish settlement on the Rio Grande, about fifteen miles south of Taos, New Mexico. It was formerly known as La Cienega and was probably first settled in the late 1700s. Pilar itself is not impressive, but its setting is magnificent and it is located in one of the most historical areas of the Southwest. For centuries Indian trails led through the river gorge, and later it was the route taken by Spanish explorers on their way north to Taos.

There is a small canyon running west out of the hills on the east side of the Rio Grande, through which a small stream called Rita Cienega flows west and south into Pilar. The stream is fed by a series of springs which rise from

(Continued on page 55)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 231,817; last single issue: 224,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 104,786; last single issue: 92,506. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 27,130; last single issue: 27,377. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 131,916, last single issue: 119,883. Average Free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 98,401; last single issue:102,617. Average total distribution last twelve months: 230,817; last single issue: 223,000. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 30, 1974.

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Chapman-McClelland

I am trying to locate my cousin, Mrs. Everett Chapman (Catherine McClelland), to settle her father's (Jess McClelland) estate held by the Texaco Oil Company. She was born about 1902 in Okmulgee County, Oklahoma. Her mother's name was Emma Cunningham. She was last heard from in the early sixties when she lived at 902 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado.

Catherine or any person with information please call or write.—J. H. McClelland, 1036 Highland Street, Vallejo, California 94590, Phone: 707-643-6804

Mason

I am seeking information on my Great-grandfather Mason who I believe was from Missiouri or Texas. I do not know his given name nor his wife's maiden name; or when and where they were born or died. The only child that was born to them that I know of was Elisha S. (Samuel?) Mason (my grandfather). Were there any other children by them? If so, what were their names—childrens' names if any—dates of births and deaths, etc.

I have, which may help to identify them, a sketchy history on my grandfather who may have been born in Missouri or Texas—married a Tabitha Lee from Kentucky (dates unknown). Both were known to have been in the Indian Territory and settled at a place then called Valley View, Texas as early as 1868 or earlier. There were seven boys (one, of course, being my father) born to Elisha and Tabitha while in the Indian Territory. I used to, many times, question my father and his brothers in regards to their father and grandfather. They were always evasive with my questions, seeming to shroud that era in a cloud of mystery. Were my grandparents and great-grandparents outlaws or gunslingers? Or were they the Masons that served in the Civil War, signed the Declaration of Independence and helped to form Mason County, Texas? I am, of course, familiar with all the current history on my father and his six brothers. My grandfather (Elisha) and family came to Washington State in the late 1800s and both died there; Elisha in the late 1800s before I was born and Tabitha in the early 1900s. Both are interred in the Cleveland Cemetery in Cleveland, Washington.

If there were any brothers and sisters of Elisha and Tabitha and if any of their children's children recognize this family tree, I would be most happy to hear from them.—Donovan Dale Mason, 23810 54th West, Mountlake Terrace, Washington 98043

Griggs-Ferguson

I am searching for information on my dad's father and his mother's families. I hope someone can help me. My dad was Robert Le Roy Griggs born September 7, 1905 at Hoehne, Colorado, to Horace Ranson Griggs and Fa Ferguson Griggs. They could possibly have lived around Pueblo as that is where Grandma's folks lived at that time. They were Benjamin Franklin and Ida Carey Ferguson. Ida Carey's maiden name was Smith. They were pioneers in the Pueblo community.

My Grandma and Grandpa Griggs were separated at the time of his death in 1911, it is believed. He was a railroad man and was supposed to have been killed in a railroad accident. Where, I'm not sure. It is thought that he had another son born in Oregon somewhere.

There is nothing more known about the Griggs side of the family, but I would be most interested in hearing anything from anyone about them and would like to know if somewhere I have any relatives on this side of the family. Dad has a sister named Columbine, who is still living. Somewhere in the Griggs name is Silas. My grandma told me one time it was a family name in the Griggs family and that Dad's name was Robert Silas Le Roy Griggs. Dad denied the Silas part and dropped it from his name.

Re Grandma's family, the Fergusons, she was born October 5, 1884 near Pueblo, Colorado to Benjamin Franklin Ferguson and Ida Carey Smith Ferguson. She had three brothers Jess, Lee and Jack. Jess was blinded in his younger years in a mine blowup, I believe. Lee never married, that I know of, and Jack was married and had three children, Ama, Wanda, and Paul. They moved to the Gunnison area and had a small place up near Powderhorn. We visited there in 1936. Great-great-grandma Ferguson was ninety-eight or ninety-nine then. Living with her was a sister of hers named Maggie. Jess was living either at Salida or Saguache. He was married but I can't recall his wife's name.

When Great-great-grandpa died I do not know, or where either one is buried. Great-great-grandma died in the late '30s or early '40s. Grandma died April 3, 1948 at Heppner, Oregon. She was married to a William Harrison at the time of her death.

Jess died in the late '30s I believe, and Jack about 1965, and Lee in the early '60s. Lee lived at Bedrock, Colorado and was a miner. Jack lived at Gunnison until his death. His girls live at Colorado Springs, I think. Would appreciate anything from anyone on any of the above people.—Mrs. Aloha Medlock, Winlock Route, Fossil, Oregon 97830

Barker-Cooper

I would like any information on the relatives of Joseph and Delaila Barker of New York State. They are my great-grandparents. I believe they departed New York with their daughter Philena Ann, who married Charles A. Cooper in 1860 and left shortly after. In 1861-64 they lived in Wisconsin, during which Charles served in the Union Army. They lived in Indiana in 1864, then Iowa and South Dakota until 1876 when they settled permanently in South Dakota at Milltown. At Milltown in 1884 Delaila Barker died. Joseph had died in 1882. Their daughter, Philena Ann Cooper, lived at Milltown till her death in 1912.—Dorothy Tobin, 501 South Park Street, Gettysburg, South Dakota 57442

Quay-Risinger

I would like to hear from anyone who has any information about my grandmother, Minnie Quay Risinger. Risinger may have been her stepfather's name. She was born in 1880, possibly around Memphis, Tennessee and married a man named White. They came to Red River County, Texas about 1900 near Blossom and Detroit. They had two sons, Eades and Earl, and two daughters, Minnie and Lottie. They may have had connection with the Hulen and Garner families in Texas.—Mrs. Helen L. Johnston, Route 3, Box 85, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Hess-Bakee-Kennon

I would like to hear from anyone who could give me information on my great-grandmother, Almira (Elmira) J. Hess, and her family. She was born in Humansville, Missouri June 7, 1850 and died in Cedar County on November 25, 1917. She had at least one brother, Johnathan Hess, and a sister by the name of "Cad" who married a man by the name of Kennon. Almira married Sampson G. Bakee of Cedar County, Missouri about 1869. They had three children, Fannie, Loma and Otis.—G. W. Cook, Jr., 807 West 3rd Street, Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

Suggett

I would be pleased to receive any information about the Suggett family. From what I can learn, the original family came from England in the late 1600s and later settled in Virginia. My father, William Duey Suggett, moved from Missouri around 1900 to settle in Woodland, California. Later the family moved to Sacramento, California where Dad's father died. His mother, Sarah Warnecke Suggett, later married Dad's uncle. I am especially interested in any information about the Suggett mentioned in one of the books about the Pony Express in the list of riders' names. I would like to find out just where he lived and where he fits into the family. I guess there are

(Continued on page 64)

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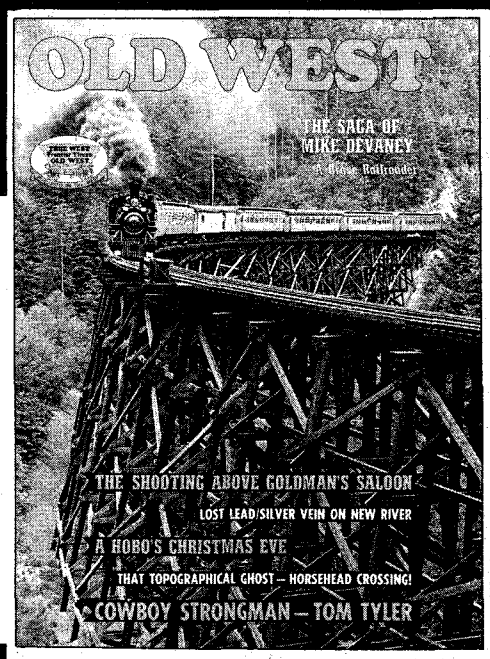

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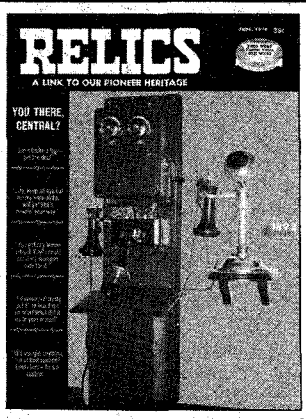

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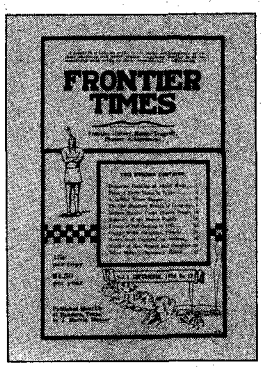

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Hellish Years at Ashurst Run

(Continued from page 19)

ease the baby's pain. The nearest doctor was across two mountain ranges at Prescott. The Mormon midwives at Mormon Dairy could not be reached in that fierce storm. Besides, for appropriate medicine they were no better off.

Toward midnight Margrete's breathing grew deep and harsh. When the baby began choking and struggling for breath, her throat was swollen almost shut. Sarah got a rag soaked in hot water and warm grease to massage the painful constrictions. But it was to no avail. A minute later all of Margrete's efforts to live ceased. She was dead at the age of eleven months and seventeen days, with what was afterwards believed to have been diphtheria.

The horror Sarah feared had occurred. Little Henry and Eva, helpless, huddled under quilts in their bunks. For a few moments Sarah stood with her slender back to the fireplace. In her grief the past must have come back in stark detail.

Tragedy had been striking her as far back as she could remember. First her parents had gone suddenly, leaving her alone in the world. Then followed the years of inhuman slavery while growing up in a family that detested her. The great change came when she married Ashurst while still a mere girl. But then followed the grueling years in Nevada when it seemed impossible to make ends meet, and she thought that she and her children would starve to death.

AFTER a few moments of dry-eyed sorrow Sarah moved to a round-topped trunk. From it came white cloth that had been saved for some special occasion. Cutting out a long gown, she sewed together a shroud for Margrete. This dress gave her something to do but hardly consoled her. When the garment was finished she found a few scraps of colored paper, which were deftly cut and formed into flowers.

Meanwhile Ashurst, a husky, tall, quiet and rather mysterious man, found his sheep camps doing fine despite the snow-covered ground. He promptly started back through the raging blizzard, badly worried over Margrete's condition. On the high mesa the howling wind hurled frozen particles of white in blinding waves. Travel through the forested country became impossible. He lay over in a sheltered place until he grew so impatient he started for home again. Soon discovering himself lost, all landmarks blotted out, he was again forced to halt, this time until the blizzard broke.

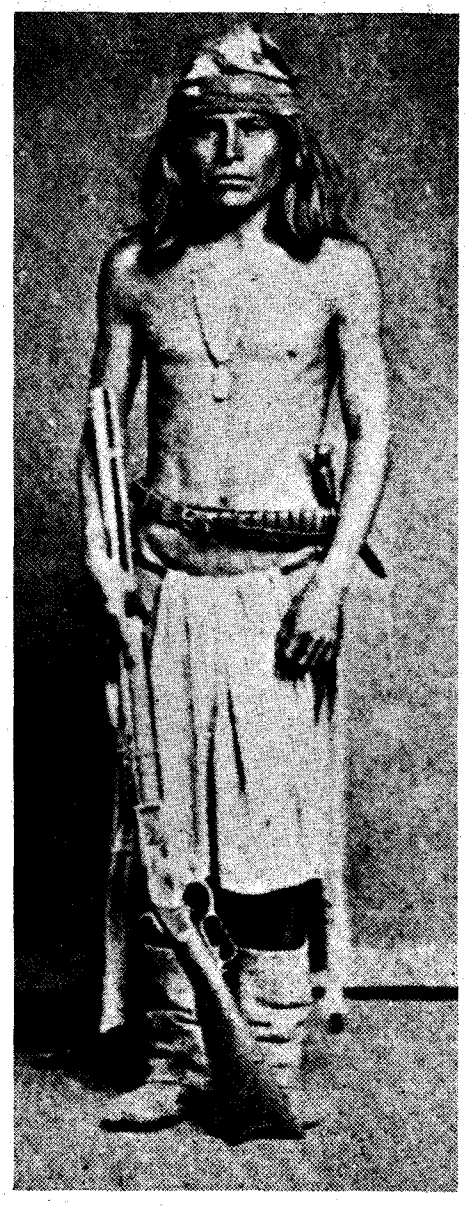
At dawn the sun shone through murky clouds and Ashurst found himself within four miles of the ranch. Despite the deeply drifted snow, he broke through and arrived before noon. The news at home came as a bitter blow. That afternoon he began to build a small box from the few pieces of whip-sawed planks available. Wrapped in a blanket, the small body was placed in it and the home-made paper flowers were pinned to the baby's white shroud.

Ashurst broke a narrow path through the snow and onto the canyon rim. He had started clearing the frozen snow to dig the grave when one of the young herders, twenty-year-old John W. Weimer, arrived on foot. Because of the blizzard's intensity the herders feared Ashurst might have become lost and frozen to death. Weimer had been dispatched by the others to ascertain his whereabouts.

A bright sun shone in the sky when the sorrowing family marched to the burial site. Weimer and Ashurst carried the small box between them. Sarah and the children followed single file on a path cut through the frozen white blanket. The box was lowered into the grave on harness lines. Weeping, the family stood with bowed heads. Ashurst spoke a prayer from memory but it wasn't long. About all he could recall were some lines from the 23rd Psalm.

When the grave was filled and mounded, the desolate family retreated slowly to the house. This was the most bitter day in the valiant Sarah's life. The frontier of her time was a place where only the strongest survived, where a mother had to fight, claw and fang, like animal-mothers of the wild for the preservation of her off-spring.

Apache of the type that struck at the Ashurst ranch.



SARAH did not give up. She returned to everyday, exacting tasks made even more so by having so little to do with. At twenty-five she was experienced far beyond her age. Five feet, seven inches tall, her wide eyes had seen far more than an ordinary person's the horrors of living in a wilderness. Hers was the fortitude of indomitable personal resolve. Her task was to keep the family going so Ashurst could accomplish his own exacting labors unhampered.

Indian onslaught was a constant threat at the ranch in Ashurst Run. To guard against the inevitable, small cave-like holes were selected in the canyon walls to which the children could flee. Cached in them were items of non-perishable food. The children were drilled in what to do when and if Indians did appear—and come they did.

One early morning after the men went to work in the timbered plateau range, Sarah looked out the open front door. Half a dozen G-stringed braves stood clear of the timber and brush westward. They were the dreaded Apache-Mojaves who had tracked Ashurst to their new home. They were sneak thieves, after whatever could be picked up or run off, but they would also kill the helpless if it struck their fancy.

Sarah took down the rifle over the fireplace mantel. The children were told to make their way to the caves as they had been trained to do. Alone, she would defend the ranch against looting and burning to the last cartridge. Back at the door, from a protected angle she watched the Indians intently. They appeared to be unable to make up their minds where to strike first. Finally four started walking slowly toward the house. The other two turned toward the barn where some stock were kept.

Suddenly the Indians rooted their feet to the ground, eyes lifted to the east rimrocks. Hurrying into that end of the cabin, Sarah pulled the plug from a rifle porthole cut through a log. On the rim, silhouetted against the blue sky, was Ashurst and two herders.

Breaking into the open they spotted the Indians and had reined up to locate the whereabouts of any more who might be lurking around. Discovering none, Ashurst and his men came off the low rim in a hurry, racing past the house after the Indians who were fleeing into the forest. That did them little good for Ashurst was a trained sign reader. He picked up their tracks and followed them on the run west of Bill Williams Mountain, more than forty miles from the ranch.

INADVERTENTLY Ashurst had located his ranch near an important fork of the Navajo war trail which led south from their homeland above the Little Colorado River. It crossed the high plateau country, passing over the great Mogollon Rim, through Tonto Basin,

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and on into the desert lands of southern Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. More properly it was a "raider's trail" and was sometimes used by other Indian tribes.

One mid-morning in July 1879, the canyon was suddenly filled with Navajos on shaggy mustang ponies. They carried shields and were attired in hide war caps, split-legged trousers, and high-topped moccasins. It was too late to run and hide so Sarah sent the children into the west end of the house.

None of the large party made a hostile move. Indeed, they were surprised to find a ranch there. It had been discovered by accident when they came off the main trail pursuing a band of Tonto Apaches who had raided into their country. Forming a half circle before the house, the Navajos appraised the several buildings and the general set-up at considerable length. Finally one, probably a chief, kicked his pony toward the open door. Perhaps he sensed that someone inside had a rifle trained on him.

"How!" he yelled, holding an empty right hand aloft. "How! We friends. Na-be-hos. Come long way."

Not risking a trick Sarah barely exposed herself to view in the door frame opening, the rifle held in firing position at her side. "Get gone!" she cried. "Leave at once. There is nothing here for you."

That a woman, obviously alone, dared oppose them amused the Navajo riders. They laughed, jabbered at her and, with hands waving in the air, rode directly out of the canyon mouth. On his return home an hour later, Ashurst followed their sign all the way to the stark Mogollon Rim. He did so to assure himself that they had not turned back to hide in the forest awaiting a propitious moment to raid the ranch.

Ten days later the Navajos came back through. This time Ashurst was home. Only two advanced close to the house, one speaking in broken English. He explained carefully that the Navajos would not do the family any harm. Ashurst was in his own country, and they had theirs. However, he was given warning to watch out for the Apaches who lived only for the war trail and breathed murder.

At no time during the family's stay at the ranch did the Navajos molest them. They appeared as friends, passing through in either one direction or another. Each fall hunting parties camped only a mile away in the timber. Perhaps Sarah never did trust them too well, yet she unbent enough to give them an occasional meal of fried mutton or venison.

UP FROM the south did come the cruel Apaches, the Tontos (Fool Apaches). Again Sarah and the children were alone. Luckily she spotted them at a distance jogging afoot into the wide canyon mouth. Immediately she sent the children into hiding. They fled to the caves like so many frightened quail. As the Navajos had earlier, the Tontos seemed surprised to find a ranch there and sheep running on forest ranges. Halting at a safe distance they looked the place over. Watching them intently, reconnoitering the possibility of others sneaking in from

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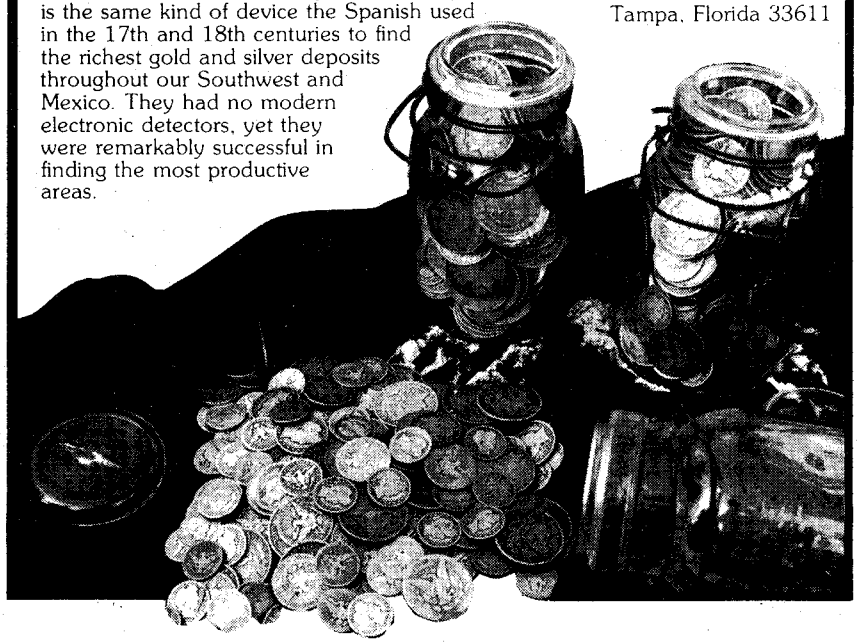

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the sides, Sarah waited for the attack with complete confidence.

The Tontos did not move for all of twenty minutes. At last they began separating, circling around the premises. Sarah was reluctant to open fire unless forced to. After several minutes' investigation several of them moved around to her vegetable garden. They appeared most interested in the green melons and corn, chattering among themselves and pointing.

When they turned directly toward the front of the house Sarah revealed herself briefly. After all, there was a bare possibility they might turn out to be friendly as the Navajos had been. Instead, on the run, they unleashed arrows at her. The iron heads embedded themselves in the butt end logs of the doorway. Sarah immediately pulled the rifle trigger. Whether she hit one of them or not, the five on that side took off running for the protection of distant trees. Those on the west side of the house returned her fire and bullets struck the front log wall.

When Sarah fired again in their general direction, those Tontos also made haste to get themselves undercover and were doing so when Ashurst and one of his herders showed dramatically on the east rim. Fortunately they had discovered moccasin tracks coming off the Navajo trail earlier and followed them. As Ashurst and his man rode down the trail in a thunder of hoofbeats the Tontos took to their heels. After that, Ashurst posted a man at the ranch to watch over his family in case of Indian attacks.

Meanwhile, the several Daggs brothers and others arrived in northern Arizona to establish sheep ranches. They began pushing the first comers, Ashurst and Clark, for range. Income from flocks was low. Each wool clip had to be freighted all the way to the Colorado River via Prescott to a port for shipment to market either in San Francisco or around the Horn to the east coast of the United States. The situation changed for the better only when the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad passed through in 1882.

Ashurst had been looking around and acquiring cattle. Beef on the hoof found a ready market at Army forts and Indian agencies. Slowly he drifted from raising sheep to producing beef cattle. His final flock was sold to the Daggs brothers and delivered to their ranch on Anderson Mesa.

As the rigors of living on the frontier lessened, Sarah who had been teaching her children, now managed to engage tutors. Her own education had been no more than the barest three Rs. She was pleased to discover among the cowboys a well educated one, Harry Fulton from Baltimore, Maryland. He became the first tutor.

Fulton was followed by Joseph H. Terry, an Irishman from County Cork. Inclined to paint the small railroad town red after drawing his wages, he was let go after the first month. The third one, in 1882, was an Englishman with a most pronounced Cockney accent. Not a cowboy, he was hired in Flagstaff and taken to the ranch solely to teach the children. He lasted less than a month. Sarah went back to teaching them herself.

The last Indian attack on the ranch was a repeat by the Apache-Mojaves from the west. Again the dauntless Sarah, always alert, discovered their presence in time to send the children scampering to safety in the rock caves. As usual the Indians emerged cautiously from covering timber and brush into the open. The ranch looked prosperous. Obviously such improvements must be well guarded. To the Indians, this indicated several armed men around. However, after Ashurst engaged in cattle raising, even the one guard had been pulled off. That day the men were out rounding up and bringing calves to the home corral for marking and branding.

Watching the Indians from hiding, Sarah took careful notice of the nearest brush and rocks. Sure enough, she discovered Indians sneaking in closer. It took them half an hour to reach the vicinity of the barn, the corral and later the spring box. They appeared to be concentrating on three horses at the barn. Like the thieving Tontos, the Apache-Mojaves had come a long distance afoot expecting to steal horses to ride back on and carry their plunder. When two of them boldly approached the pole corral Sarah stood at the sliding panel of a rear window. Poking the rifle muzzle through a few inches, she aimed and fired before they could get inside to the horses. The Indian aimed at did not drop. Whirling about, he took off running crookedly toward the nearest tree. The second one made a wild shot at the house before fleeing west.

The Indians' tactics now changed for the worse. They began sending lead into both sides and ends of the house. Bullets tore at various parts of the chinking and small windows. Apparently it was an attempt to determine how many people were inside and able to shoot at them. Sarah fired only when she could draw a bead on an Indian but she was kept almost out of breath running from one porthole to another lest the savages sneak in unseen.

The fight was going to be hers alone. Ashurst, far east at a lake, was not due home that day. Young Henry Fountain, old enough to do a man's work, had gone with Ashurst and the cowboys.

No concerted charge was made on the house, which surely would have overwhelmed her quickly. Instead, the Indians began crawling forward along the ground, hiding behind any obstruction available. That she rushed from one porthole to another confused them. They could not determine the number defending the house. Sarah could not maintain the furious pace for many hours, but if she failed to keep them bullet-burned back on each side, they could break in the barred door or set fire to the log walls.

All these apprehensions and more beset her. As Sarah told friends in later years, she nearly reached the end of her wits when the unexpected happened. The exchange of fire, harming no one, had been going on for almost two long hours before the Apache-Mojaves decided on a bold frontal attack. When their fire died off Sarah was further alarmed, and soon discovered the cause. They congregated well to the south in front of the house.

While she watched them making war talk medicine, the conference broke up. The bunch split into single runners verging out at the ends in a thin line. A war-whoop brought them turning toward the house. But they never gained a run. Making only a few steps, the Indians suddenly halted in their tracks, dusky faces turned toward the east rim. They appeared transfixed by something there.

Hoping breathlessly that the unexpected had happened, that Ashurst and the cowboys had actually come home, Sarah rushed to an end wall porthole. Of course it wasn't her husband and the punchers. In some amazement she saw thirty well-armed Navajo riders strung out along the rim. For all of five minutes the two Indian groups stared at each other over the distance. Then the Navajos came pounding down the several trails. No sooner did they clear onto flat ground than their rifles crashed and smoked. That gave the Apache-Mojaves the bad news. The Navajos were going for them. They vanished quickly, running crookedly into the forest. Navajo riders dashed past the house, yelling and firing their guns as though having a field day. All of them disappeared in hot pursuit.

Somewhat uncertain but thankful for deliverance, Sarah allowed Eva and the boys to return to the house. That afternoon the Navajos came back from the west. One of the band who spoke some English approached the house with his right hand in the air in the customary sign of friendship.

"They gone now," he yelled as she warily opened the door. "How come your man goes away and lets you fight bad Indians alone?"

"He had work to do," Sarah replied hollowly.

When interpreted that brought big laughs from the Navajos, though it was hard to tell whether in amusement or uncertainty. The band dismounted, ambling forward in red-topped moccasins unarmed. When the children appeared out of deep curiosity, the Indians joked and talked with them, although their speech was not fully understandable. Signs were sufficient.

A beef, butchered the day before, was in the process of being jerked. Relieved to the point of tears, somehow Sarah managed to cook enough meat and bread to feed the entire bunch.

It developed that the Navajos were a hunting party, camped east and a little south of the ranch. They heard gunfire and decided to investigate because it continued. When Ashurst returned home he visited their camp.

The only other Indian threat occurred in 1882. Renegade Apaches raided Tonto Basin, killing a large number of settlers. Coming up over the Mogollon Rim on the Navajo Trail they laid an ambush for pursuing cavalry. But the result was a big fight at Battleground Ridge. The Apaches were all killed or run into hiding.

In 1883 a school was established in Flagstaff, and Ashurst bought lots in the Brannen Addition south of the rail-

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road tracks. A house was built and Sarah moved there to send her children to school. The rest of her ten sons and daughters were born there.

In 1883 there was no more frontier life for the gallant and courageous mother. However, summers for the next few years were spent at the ranch.

Ashurst sold out in 1892 and turned to prospecting in the Grand Canyon. In January 1901 he was killed under a rockslide at his mine in the great gorge.

Sarah bravely carried on after this great loss, and lived to see her children educated and her three sons become attorneys, although they were scattered all over the West.

The oldest son, Henry Fountain Ashurst, was elected one of Arizona's first senators after statehood in 1912. For twenty-eight years he served in the U. S. Senate, a man nationally famous for his speech-making.

Soon after Ashurst's death Sarah moved to California, spending her final days in peace and comfort in contrast to the tragic years of her youth. She died at Azusa at seventy years of age, Sunday, April 20, 1924.

Carl Collins

(Continued from page 35)

mile away with a hobbled team near it, because the trail was impassable.

Collins, Sr. was forced to make a trip to town for supplies. That meant leaving his wife, his seventeen-year-old daughter, and the three-year-old Carl without protection. Before the Apaches attacked, the dog gave warning of their coming and the two women took turns carrying Carl as they ran for refuge at the sawmill. When the father returned to find his house in ashes and the place deserted, he had no doubt but that his family had either been killed or made captives. Two weeks after Mr. Collins found them safe, he died of smallpox, probably contracted on his trip for supplies.

THE WOMEN found employment cooking for the hands at the mill. The boy, as a matter of course, learned to be an expert rider by the time he was five. His knowledge of his environment, a knowledge never learned from schools, enabled him to survive and to perform almost any of the tasks that confronted him. Among them were handling cattle and horses, making repairs of various kinds, and camp cooking. When Carl was fifteen, he was a full-fledged cowboy with a man's pay and he occasionally acted as guide and cook for prospectors. He learned to identify ore-bearing rock and to know where it might possibly be located.

His mother taught him to read and write and though he did not realize it, the habit he formed of reading everything he could obtain was a valuable aid to his education.

He drifted from one ranch to another until he got a job with the famous Diamond A (⋀) which owned—or at least controlled—land from the southwestern corner of New Mexico to Engle. Its cowboys boasted that they could ride for days without getting off land belonging to their outfit. When the range boss found that Carl was a very capable blacksmith, he gave him a raise. Carl worked at this ranch for years.

The Diamond A controlled a large tract of land south of the border and at times took its herd there. Upon returning to New Mexico, it was necessary to clear Customs. That, the trail boss was quite willing to do, but when two men, flashily dressed in what he suspected were fake uniforms, dashed into camp, throwing dust into the food, the old camp cook took a hand.

Cosie, as he was called (from *cocino* meaning cook), was an absolute dictator. He did not permit anybody, not even the trail boss, to walk between his cooking fire and the chuckwagon. He used the barrel of his pistol to stir the beans and when he had finished, he fired it into the ground "to clean it of bean-juice." When these *bandidos* violated his rules by rushing up at top speed and raising dust, a few shots dispersed them and prevented their obtaining the "bite" for which they had come. It had not taken many shots for the sham custom officers to catch on. They took off at a high lope and the herd was crossed without further challenge.

Though no cook liked the few bums who rode the chuck line, a cripple, afoot, showed up, and Cosie fed him. Nobody asked questions, for that just wasn't done. And though the men were rough, they were sympathetic and took it for granted that the handicapped man would stay with the outfit as long as he chose.

When a second chuck-line rider arrived he, too, was fed and he was tolerated until he kicked the crippled one. That was beyond endurance and Carl Collins seized a convenient single-tree and struck him. He had no intention of doing more than stop the abuse but, unfortunately, the man died. Had Collins stayed and stood trial, he undoubtedly would have been cleared, for several men saw both the provocation and the instantaneous reaction which they considered fully justifiable. Instead, Carl lit a shuck for Mexico.

HE could have, of course, gone to work as a *vaquero*, but he preferred prospecting. There was an abundance of game in the Sierra Madre and he had heard tales of rich ore and buried gold since he could remember. He liked hunting, too, and there was no lack of game. Of course, he had other needs. By trading hides for commodities such as ammunition, tobacco, coffee and sugar, he lived for six years with little or no money, but it was a lonely life and he decided to return to the States.

Carl got into Deming about midnight and went to the home of a man he knew and could trust. He learned that the "law" was still looking for him, so he returned to his old haunts in Mexico for another lonely three years. At the end of that time, Carl's friend informed him that the coast was clear and he came back to spend several years prospecting both in New Mexico and Arizona. Just how much gold he found, nobody ever knew, for he was far too shrewd to talk.

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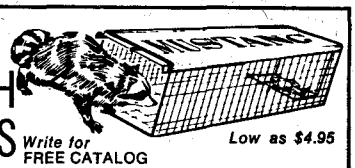

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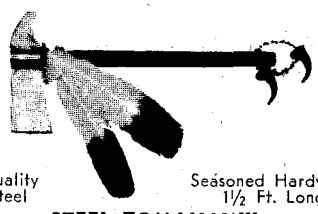

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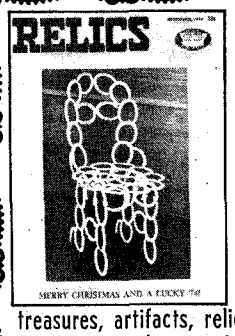

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He did tell me one time that when he needed a grubstake, he could always go to a bluff that is now part of the lake bank at San Carlos. He could pick up enough ore-bearing rock at the foot of the cliff to supply his needs. But when the dam was built and the lake filled, the site was no longer accessible.

After about thirty years of prospecting at intervals, he bought a building close to mine at Deming. At that time I was a wholesale distributor for Texaco. When business was slow, we sometimes had an opportunity to visit. He had married a very fine young woman and was very proud of her. Though neither of us took more than an occasional drink, we sometimes had one together.

Gradually Carl began telling me of his experiences, especially those involving his search for minerals. He talked well and interestingly but only when no one else was present. I learned that several people had attempted to get his yarns for publication and that he had declined giving them. It was not until we had made hunting trips together that he spoke freely. It was on a trip to the Black Range that he told me of prospecting on the west side of Victorio Peak. He had, he said, gone over the peak thoroughly and was convinced that there were no mineral deposits of much value on it. But the east side—that might well be worth working. I asked no questions and he said no more.

He had bought a sporting goods shop and obviously was prospering. At that time sports were largely limited to hunting and fishing, except some business with schools for their athletic departments. He knew guns and how to repair and even make them, and every customer sent him more business.

Carl did not talk much about himself but had such a wide knowledge of both the history and the ways of the West that I was amazed. Many men who had a much better academic background seemed never to be interested in these things, as I had been all my life. Carl did not speak much of personal experiences, just of conditions and prevailing customs.

Sometimes when pestered too much for stories for publication he simply clammed up; but at other times, when in the right mood, he would spill windies that anybody should have recognized as such. When stringing the writers on there was a certain glint in Carl's eye that should have warned them. When he talked seriously, he was accurate and reliable.

Once when a particularly persistent author produced a bottle, Collins refused to take a drink.

"What's the matter? Don't you ever drink?"

"Used to, but not any more," replied Carl.

"And why not?"

Carl said nothing for a long minute and then replied: "Well, it's a very unpleasant story and I don't even like to think about it. It's no credit to me. I had an old crony with whom I used to hunt and prospect. Bill was good at both but had rheumatism so bad that he couldn't stand much walking. Once when we were camped near Superior, we hit some good stuff and stayed there until our grub was about gone. We inventoried both it and our cash and came up with about twenty dollars. We decided that we'd get an early start and I'd go to town and buy chuck.

"Bill told me we would be passing a warm spring in a shady place, and that he wanted to spend the day there. Said the Indians went there to get relief from rheumatism. I believe it's called arthritis now.

"Well, we got off before daylight and I wondered why Old Bill had put a shovel on the pack mule. When we reached the spring, I found out. He wanted me to dig a hole in the sand and bury him in it up to his neck. He thought staying there all day would be very beneficial. I didn't much like the idea but fixed him up on the low side of the spring where the warm water oozed through.

"When I got to town I met some of my old cronies and had a few. Before I knew it, it was dark and I was flat broke. Didn't have a thin dime for food. For the first time I realized that I'd left Bill and must get back to him as quickly as I could. Took longer to keep the trail in the dark, but after the moon came up I made time.

"When I got back to the warm spring, I couldn't find him. I was never so scared in my life. Then I heard a noise in the chaparral and found that it was made by a pack of coyotes fighting over something. They were rolling it on the ground, something about the size of a football.

"When I realized what it was, I vowed I'd never touch another drop. And I haven't."

I WAS eager to learn what I could about Collins' find on the east side of remote Victorio Peak, but I waited for him to volunteer the information. When he suggested that we go there for the hunting season, I was sure he intended giving me what information he had about his find.

We arranged for a packer with equipment and dogs to meet us. He was already on the mountain with outfit and guide. The peak is difficult of access. That is where Chief Victorio of the Warm Springs Apaches would leave women with small children, the aged and other non-combatants unable to keep pace with the warriors. They were said to have caves on the mountain where they kept supplies enough for weeks.

When Victorio was ambushed at Tres Castillos, down in Chihuahua, that is where his wife and son, Charles Istee, were left. Getting to them would have been difficult, even for an Apache, so they were fairly safe.

Van Smith and his son joined us and so did a Mr. Housely and a boy. The first night out in my truck we camped at a small creek; it's on the map but under a different name now. We drove as far as the trail would permit, to a place where there were old cliff dwellings. There the packer met us with horses. He beat us in, and when we arrived had a regular Dutch oven dinner ready for us, fresh trout and fat venison.

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We spent the night there in order to get an early start the first day of the hunting season. We packed early and he turned the dogs loose.

We followed them several miles on Deer Creek to Running Water. It, too, has another name on the map. We went on toward Reed's Peak and camped at an old Forest Service corral where there was a spring. There we established what we thought would be a permanent camp. The next day (first of the hunting season) was sunny and beautiful. We got one deer and a turkey.

We knew it would be cold up there in November and had prepared for it. We wore slicker pants and took aluminum hot water bottles for our feet. We slept comfortably but when I awakened the next morning, the sleeping bags were buried in snow. No hunting that day; nor for the next five. All that time the snow kept accumulating till the horses could hardly keep the trail. There was nothing to do but get out with what we could, and that wasn't much—just our guns and the turkey. We left the deer hanging in a tree; we left the tents and our gear. We were lucky to get out ourselves.

The next spring, the packer went back and found that the eagles and other varmints had destroyed the food. Jack McFarlane said he'd never seen such a mess. He salvaged what he could.

It was after that trip that Collins told me of his find on Victorio Peak. While climbing afoot, following a deer trail, he had reached a place where a vein of rich ore ran across his trail diagonally up the mountain. The wind had blown the fallen leaves and pine needles off the ground and the peculiar color of the rock attracted his attention. He always carried a hammer and with it he chipped off some pieces and put them into a bag kept for that purpose. At the time he thought little about them but a month or so later, when sending some specimens to the assayer, he included them. The report showed that those pieces assayed high. Collins told me that if we could get my one-ton truck up there that one load would be worth twenty thousand dollars.

Twice later we tried to find that vein. On our first trip a bear got into our camp while we were away and either ate or destroyed our grub. He tore up the camp in general and we couldn't stay without food. On the next attempt, we tried to reach the place from the Ladder Ranch, which now belongs to R. O. Anderson of the Richfield Oil Company. On that attempt a horse got his leg broken and we had to shoot him and get out. Though I have not tried it since on land, I have flown over that mountain several times and am sure I could locate it again. After Carl Collins moved to Oregon, I never wanted to go there alone.

When Carl offered to sell me his business at a very reasonable price, I took his word as to its being a profitable one. The hitch was that I had all I could attend to and couldn't possibly take on more, but I told him I'd keep an eye open and help him find a purchaser.

It wasn't long before he gave Mrs. Collins some money and a check book and put her on a bus. She was to find a good little town and a home and a business place. I don't know just how long it was before she called him on the telephone to tell him that she had them, in Grant's Pass, Oregon, and would wait there for him. He packed as much as he could of the household equipment on a big truck and took out. I think he made six trips loaded with merchandise before he got all the stuff out there.

And the few times I heard from them, they were doing fine.

Sonofagundoggone!

(Continued from page 3)

hoping to get the same space when the new ones come in. These people have one of the biggest displays of magazines I have ever seen. I will continue to do this for you and for my own pleasure and benefit. Hope you much personal health and happiness.—Jean Allen, 1027 Eye Street, Bakersfield, California 93304.

Sonofagundoggone! How in the double-hootenannying heck can any business fail with that kind of cooperation! So if you gents and gentle sweet ladies will continue tapping old Dobbin on the rump with your whup, we'll get this buggy through rains, snow and muddy gullies.

I'm kind of surprised, though, that they are letting Jean get by with giving us full display. Maybe there are so many magazines on that newsstand that they just haven't noticed it. From an all around standpoint, the best thing is to let them stay where they are, but pull them out to where people can see them—we are getting new readers all the time who didn't know we existed.

Also, I am going to tell you a secret—if you have a few extra bucks it wouldn't hurt a thing to send some gift subscriptions, and renew or extend your own. It actually won't hurt us a bit! With everything falling out like it is, I would kinda hate to put two to fifty dollars into gift subscriptions like some of you are, but you've got my personal guarantee that this money won't be wasted 'cause we are gaining ground in the face of all this hardship stuff because of *you*—every dang one of you!

I just never could stand to see a grown man cry. So maybe I better stop flabbergasting off at the mouth or I might start bawling like a kid in appreciation, and you would think old Hosstail had lost his goobers.

So for now, see you in February TRUE WEST.—"Hosstail"

Three Seconds in Ekalaka

(Continued from page 15)

win any money at it. What had drawed our attention to the rodeo at Ekalaka was the fact that they was going to pay $100 first money, $50 second money, and $25 for third place. These prizes was to be paid for steer roping and also for saddle bronc riding. All other events wouldn't get near that much. In the two main events there was always lots of competition, even though it was just local

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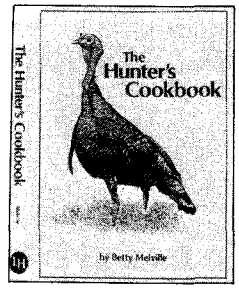

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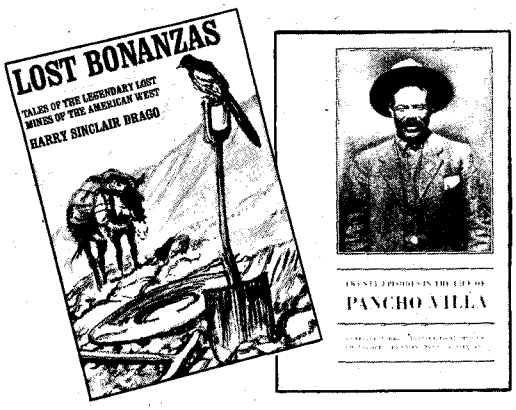

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talent, as there wasn't many professional rodeo hands then.

What we had was plenty good. There's no doubt in my mind that men of that time were better all-around hands with stock than 95% of the hands today. The reason being—that was all we knew. All we had ever done. And we did it every day, day in and day out, as they say, nearly 365 days a year. Nobody I know of, today, does that anymore. Too much machinery. The only machine we had was the horse. He did a fair to middling job.

WE HEADED up Beaver Creek bright and early in the morning and reached Ekalaka the night before the show. I mentioned to Tom not to do any drinking, or we likely wouldn't place in the money, and he agreed. "Oh, hell no, I ain't agoin' to take a drink till after I get that prize money, but then you and me'll sure turn the cat loose on old Ekalaka!"

I took him at his word and went on about my business, as there was nothing else to do, and besides, he was his own boss.

I entered in the bronc riding and Tom entered in steer roping. Entrance fees was $15 each. You had to be a born gambler to put out that much money on such a slim chance, as we only made $35 a month. That was the going wage for cowpunchers, and the thought of making three months' wages in one day is what spurred us on. Well, maybe the fact that we'd get to show off in front of a whole lot of people helped a little too.

We hadn't been in town more'n an hour till Tom ran into a couple of old cronies he had worked with on the 7U7 up at Forsyth. Well, naturally, before long he was drunker'n a flock of geese that's et a keg o' sour mash. Sure enough, the next morning, first thing, he had to have some of the hair of the dog what bit him, so he was out, as far as the steer roping was concerned.

I went to the rodeo officials and tried to get his entrance fee back, but they said, "No, we can't give it back, but there's no reason why you can't substitute for him."

I thought that over a little and told them I'd just give 'er a whirl. Of course, I was thinking I would use Tom's horse and would still stand some chance, but when I mentioned it to Tom, he was pretty tipsy and started bragging about how his was a one-man horse and so on, and made me feel that maybe he didn't want me riding his horse. So I said, "To hell with your one-man horse! I'll use my own!"

At that, Tom like to rolled on the floor with belly-laughing. When he told his two drinking buddies, "Sonnek's ridin' an iron-jawed sorrel horse that can't be turned in forty acres. Haw, haw, haw," they all laughed fit to be tied. They thought it was a helluva joke, but I was kinda burned up.

What Tom had said was sure the truth, but what he didn't know was that my sorrel horse was tough, and stout, and most of all, he could run like a scared jackrabbit. If my steer would run straight, I'd be all right, as I wouldn't have to do any turning.

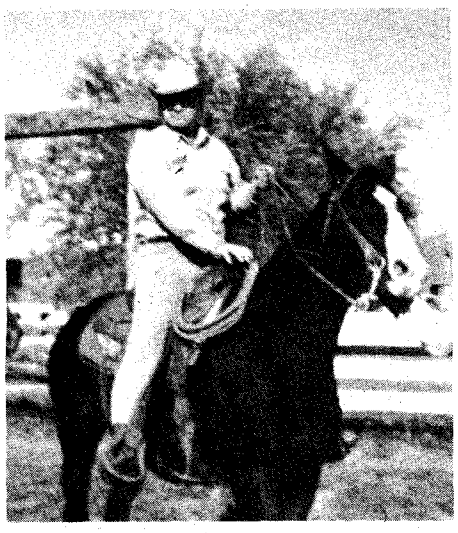
THINGS got into gear about one o'clock in the afternoon, and it wasn't long until the steer roping came up and my steer was ready to be let out of the gate. They turned him loose, I sunk in the spurs, and it wasn't but a few jumps till I was right on top of him. I dabbed the twine on him and threw the slack over his hind end as I went past. When we hit the end of the rope, the steer went down with a thud, the rope busted at the hondo, and the damned horse kept going towards Marmarth. I quit him in a hurry when I saw the rope had snapped, and headed back for my steer on a high lope. By that time he had gotten up, and was standing with his tail end toward me. As I went past, I grabbed his tail and kept going. As luck would have it, he had a broken front leg in the fall, and so with my jerk on his tail he went down again.

We was supposed to tie two hind legs, and a front, and after I finally got my piggin' string untangled, I managed after a lot of scufflin' to get the job done, though I sure hadn't had much practice at hog tying.

Well, when the event was over, and all the smoke had blowed away, I had taken second money, $50, and felt pretty good about it. I was some concerned about my horse, though, as they didn't have an enclosed arena, and I wanted to go and look for him, but since the bronc riding was coming up next, I had to stay and compete in that or lose my entrance fee. And that I sure didn't want to do.

Going over to the bronc corral, I finally located the number I had drawn. It was on the rump of the meanest looking blue roan I had seen in quite a spell. He looked to me to weigh about 1250 pounds and to be about seven or eight years old, so he was sure to be plenty stout. The whites of his eyes wasn't white at all, but plumb red like a Montana sunset. It made him look mean all right, but hell, all I had to do was ride him; I didn't have to sleep with him.

Author Bob Atkinson on a horse called Charlie Russell.



Andy Sonnek in front of his cabin at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, 1972.

This was the same general area where a lot of good bucking horses were to come from in the next ten or fifteen years. For instance, the famous bucking horse Tipperary was raised in this same country. Must be something about the grass. Some people claim it's the stoutest in the world.

We didn't have bucking chutes. They just put the horse in a chute to get the halter on him, then snubbed him to a saddle horn, and led him to the middle of the arena or thereabouts. There the saddling took place, and after you was mounted, the snubber handed the halter rope to you and the "ball opened."

Well, when the snubber handed me my rope, I thought maybe a bolt of lightning had struck. Things sure got rough. I'd sized him up about right, and he was hard to set. One thing different about the rules, now and then, was that you had to ride until the horse quit bucking. You didn't get to quit at the end of no measly ten seconds. It seemed like he bucked for an hour, and when he did get through, I was hurting all over.

Well, when I finally managed to get off that rough riding devil, I hobbled over to the corral and was leaning on the fence, just kinda trying to get my breath back, when up steps the fellow who had taken third in the steer roping, and would've had second if I hadn't been there.

He said, "You had no damn business bein' in that steer ropin'. You wasn't even entered!"

I explained to him that the officials had said I could sub for Tom, and he came back with, "Well, it ain't right, and I'm damned sure gonna see to it that you don't get any money!"

By that time I'd had about enough of that fella, so I fetched one from about the vicinity of back of my right knee, and planted it on his chin. He landed on his keester about eight feet from where he'd been, causing me to be pretty well satisfied—but it didn't last. His brother stepped up behind me and let me have one just below the right ear. I joined the steer roper on the ground. The big trouble was, that guy had pretty well regained his senses by this time, and I had lost most of mine. He climbed astraddle of

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me and was doing a fair job of working me over when the other cowboys around there saw what was going on, and stopped the fight. I was some grateful.

STILL being concerned about my saddle horse, I borrowed a pony from one of the fellows and took off toward Marmarth. I rode like hell for about twenty minutes, and finally, sure enough, I sighted the ornery devil going at a long trot with what was left of the bridle reins hanging off to one side.

I finally managed to overtake him and dab a loop on him, being hampered somewhat by the reins. We then turned around and headed for Ekalaka at a more leisurely pace. By the time we reached town the rodeo was over. Some of the people were heading for home in wagons, buggies, and horseback. All the rest was in the saloons or the one little cafe, or was trying to get in.

The rodeo officials had themselves set up at a table in one of the saloons, and that's where I headed to get the fifty dollars I'd won in the steer roping. You can imagine my surprise when they handed me $100.

I blurted out, "What's this for? I only won second money in that steer roping!"

"Yeah, you sure did, Sonnek, but you also won second money in the saddle bronc riding!"

Great balls o' fire! I was rich! In all the activity following the bronc riding, I had completely forgot that rough ride on the blue roan.

We had a fine, large evening that night at Ekalaka, and went home to Marmarth the next day. When someone asked us how we'd done at the rodeo, Tom Calvin summed it all up in a pretty small bundle. He said, "Sonnek did all the winning. He took three second monies. Second in the steer roping, second in the bronc riding, and second in a man fight."

Well, that covered it, all right, so I didn't add a thing. We went on back to our jobs, and she was all forgotten until the next time.

Editors note: Andy Sonnek won his race. We didn't win ours. Andy died at his home in Jackson, Wyoming on June 23 and was buried there June 27. We missed by just a few months getting his story in print in time. It sure does give you sort of a sick feeling—like hitting the dirt unexpected.

The Secret of the Grosches

(Continued from page 11)

the country forever. . . . But I shall go on. It is my duty. . . ."

Each day grew more precious. It was dangerous to cross the Sierra after October. Storms, snow, and terrific cold could come at any time. Violent weather sweeping down out of Canada paralyzed the mountains for months. But Allen had been brought up to pay his obligations. He couldn't leave without first repaying the $60 to the miners. It was almost the middle of November before he paid off all his debts.

Richard Burke, the brothers' only employe, was anxious to get back to California before the snows. Allen was

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SEE PAGE 33

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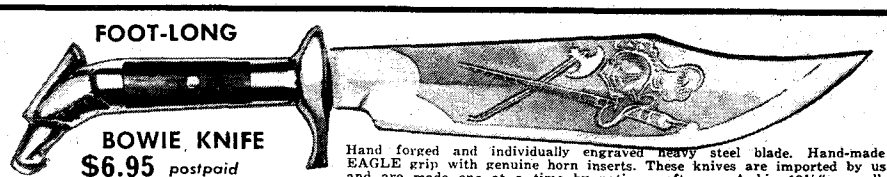

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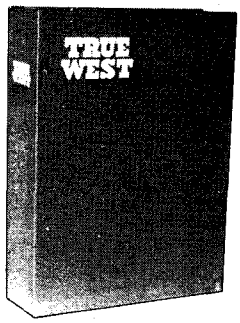

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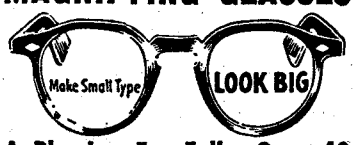

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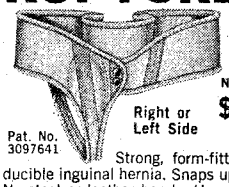

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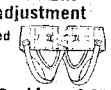

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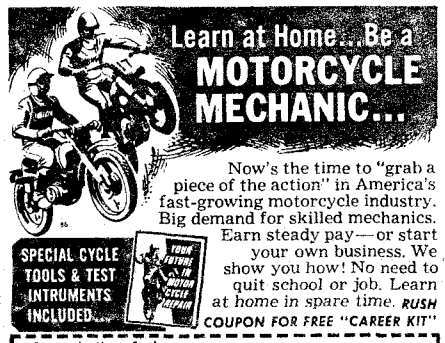

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anxious, too, but he had some last minute details to finish.

Allen took some waterproof paper, wrapped some of his assay reports, location notices, and assorted papers and buried them at the base of the mountain. He would retrieve them the next spring.

The other papers he wrapped to take with him over the Sierra. After packing his few belongings, he put some random reports and assay information in a wooden box, nailed down the cover, and stood it in a corner of the cabin.

Then he called Henry Comstock, the only miner not working. Henry never seemed to work much, if at all. Telling him nothing about the blue stuff, or the location of his discoveries, Allen promised Comstock a fourth interest in his claims when he returned during the spring. All Comstock had to do was watch their cabin and protect the papers.

Allen drew up a contract, spelling out both their obligations. He even went so far as to draw a rough map of a ledge and the ground immediately around it. Comstock, a shrewd man, agreed to every provision. Allen said, "Sign here," and Comstock wrote his name.

The brothers' faithful little burro was finally loaded for the trip. It was a warm November afternoon, unusually warm. Allen put some final stones on his brother's grave, determined no coyote should have him.

Then Allen, Richard Burke, and the burro started toward Mud Springs, California. Comstock watched them as they walked out of sight. Then he went back in the cabin and bolted the door.

THE first night out, the burro broke her hobbles and wandered back to the cabin. It took the two men four days to finally locate her. Four valuable days had been lost.

Next morning Allen and Burke took the Indian Trail out of Washoe Valley, up the eastern slope of the Sierra. Before they reached the 9000′ summit, it began to snow furiously. In a blinding storm, they descended into the Lake Tahoe basin, then took a northerly direction.

Somewhere in the area of Squaw Valley they found themselves surrounded by towering walls of drifting snow. They were able to start a fire and string one of their blankets as a sort of lean-to. Snowstorm after snowstorm swept the area. The cold crept into their bones. The fire, not really warming them, merely kept death away.

Soon their meager supply of food was gone. They were surrounded by huge drifts. White lay in every direction. Try as they would they couldn't find any sign of a blazed trail. Marked trees, downed saplings and such were usually indicators of planned routes. None could be found.

The poor little burro suffered horribly and grew frailer by the day. Unable to forage she floundered in belly-deep snow. Allen tried climbing a nearby pine tree to recover some nuts, but the burro wouldn't touch them.

Finally, out of pity, Allen shot her. The faithful little beast would give them life. The men roasted as much meat as they could carry. Using their pocket knives they fashioned crude snowshoes. This would make traveling a bit easier.

Setting out again, they climbed for what seemed like hours, Often knee-deep in snow, they dragged themselves along by grasping bushes. El Dorado seemed a million miles away.

It was November 20. They had been on the trail nine days. Starting down a mountainside, they slid, half-falling in the process. The makeshift snowshoes were useless. They threw them away. It had grown awfully cold, with a hard west wind.

Near sundown, Burke saw some tracks in the snow. They were overjoyed. Tracks meant other people nearby. A moment later the awful truth sank in. Those were their own tracks. In the swirling snow, they had walked in circles for several hours.

Discarding their meager belongings, they pressed on. Their clothes were completely wet. The blankets were sodden from days and nights of constant snow. The carefully guarded matches were soaked.

With great difficulty, Burke was able to light a fire by shooting his rifle into a pile of relatively dry twigs. They warmed themselves, falling asleep as it started to snow again.

The new snow ruined their powder. All the gun would do was pop.

ALL this time Allen had carried on his person, under his shirt, the location papers he had saved. Now they would be useless. Just wet lines on a piece of paper. He must protect them. What good would they be if no one could read them?

Allen found a large tree. After marking the trunk, he left his most precious belongings in its hollow. Rolling a large boulder in front of it, he tried to memorize the landmarks.

That night, to keep warm, Allen and Burke dug a deep hole in the fresh snow, covered the floor of the dugout with green boughs, and went to sleep. Huddled together for warmth, they were awakened during the night by the sound of timber wolves sniffing at the entrance.

By December 3, the burro meat was gone. They really didn't care. It choked them anyway. That night, too exhausted to dig another snow cave, the men just collapsed in the snow and slept. At daybreak, they ate a handful of snow and pressed on.

December 4 found them on the Middle Fork of the American River. There must be other people nearby. For what seemed like days, they followed the river looking for mines or miners. They found no trace.

On December 5 the pair was dug in on the American River. They were no longer hungry. Hopelessly, Burke burst into tears. "Let us lie down where we are and die," he sobbed. "We can never make it."

Allen patted him on the shoulder. "No, we'll keep going as long as we can walk."

That night Burke broke down again. "Make up our bed for the last time," he said. "We shall never leave this spot."

After spreading out some green boughs, Burke dropped off immediately to sleep. Allen lay still through the night,

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unable to sleep. When morning came, he awakened Burke and attempted to stand. He couldn't. His feet and legs were frozen. Together, the men crawled out of their would-be graves. Hope was gone. Hunger was dead. All that was left was a sense of momentum—keep moving.

Richard Burke was seized by an overwhelming urge to sleep. "Let's rest," he pleaded.

"No," whispered Allen defiantly. "We will drag ourselves along while we can move hand and foot."

From just at daybreak until noon they crawled. After less than a mile they were exhausted. Finding some rocks, both men lay down and closed their eyes for the last time. A great weakness swept over them. Their final thoughts were tinged with an overpowering sadness.

THEN a dog barked unexpectedly. There were loud shots. There seemed to be smoke from a cooking fire. Burke roused himself enough to crawl in the direction of the sound. He saw a party of miners hunting deer. After waving his arms frantically, he caught their attention.

Burke led them to where Allen lay unconscious, then he collapsed. The miners fashioned make-shift stretchers and transported the almost frozen strangers to their cabins. Even though in warm bunks, however, neither man could sleep. Food was brought, but it made them sick.

Neither Allen nor Burke could speak. All day and night they lay unconscious, growing worse. Allen sat upright once, mumbled something about a ledge on a mountain—blue stuff—200 feet north—then fell back, babbling.

Burke didn't hear one word. Gangrene had set in. His legs were frozen and had to be amputated immediately. Without the aid of an anesthetic or doctor, the miners removed Burke's leg and part of his other foot.

Allen was also a victim of gangrene. These same concerned miners tried to operate on Allen's legs, but he struggled against it. Finally he won his battle; his legs would stay on. He grew steadily worse. Babbling, he talked incessantly of Hosea, a company, blue stuff and his lost papers.

Then on the morning of December 19, he sat straight up in bed, looked around once slowly, closed his eyes, and died. Allen was buried with the secret of Gold Canyon.

Richard Burke was still seriously ill. He was transported to the home of a friend in Sacramento. After recuperating sufficiently, he returned to Canada where he studied medicine and became a well-known nerve specialist. He at one time was the administrator of a large mental institution in eastern Canada.

Burke never returned to California. He later erected a marker over the grave of Allen Grosch, but didn't return to the Sierra to search for the fallen tree Allen had marked.

The great cache of silver would never bear their name. It would later be named for the shiftless miner the Grosch brothers left to watch their claims. Everyone has heard of the Comstock Lode. What about the Grosch Lode?

The secret of the Grosches went to the grave with them. Months later, two Irish prospectors, Peter O'Reilly and Pat McLaughlin, rediscovered what the two devoted brothers had worked so hard to develop.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 40)

the canyon floor, and the area is highly mineralized.

An ancestor of Santiago Martinez settled in this canyon, and built a small lake from which he ran a grist mill and irrigated small tracts. However, his main occupation was sheep, and with the unlimited grazing land available at that time a good business it was! Martinez became a leader of the community and during his lifetime acquired a reputation of being a man of wealth whose gold coins and nuggets were hidden somewhere on the ranch.

Following the conquest of New Mexico, and in accordance with the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty between the United States and Mexico, the ranch was patented to Santiago Martinez in a series of small holding claims. Santiago may or may not have known of the hoard, but it is absolutely certain he died without revealing its location to his daughter Ferminia Martinez, for in the 1940s the land passed by tax title to a stranger. This deed included the house in Pilar in which Ferminia lived.

Ferminia, who was in her seventies, finally sought the services of a friendly attorney in Taos who, together with a colleague in Santa Fe, myself, succeeded in defeating the tax title by a suit in the District Court. She had no money to pay attorneys fees and since by then her interest was limited to the home in Pilar, it was finally agreed that we would pay her $500 and she would deed the ranch to us, retaining her home in the village.

While this may sound like a poor deal for Ferminia the truth of the matter is that it wasn't, for the ranch had not been used for years. At that time it was regarded as of little value, except for the water and the possible existence of minerals. Our sole interest was in the possibility of stocking the small lake with trout and using it as a place to take our families for outings on summer weekends, and this was the only use made of it for many years.

DURING the lawsuit Ferminia commented from time to time that there was something valuable on the ranch. These comments were disregarded completely, as one would those of a child. However, this attitude was to undergo a drastic change, because of events that follow.

In the summer of 1958, my son Payson and I went to the ranch on a Thursday, planning to spend a long weekend in the little adobe house, fishing, hiking, and just taking it easy in general. Everything in the house was in order when we stowed our gear and prepared to let the troubled world pass us by.

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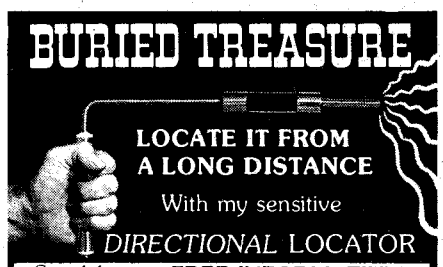

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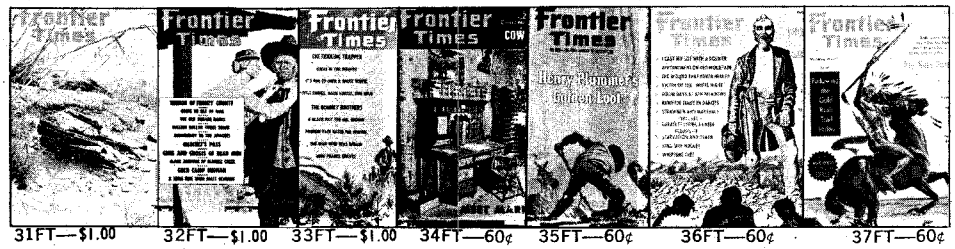

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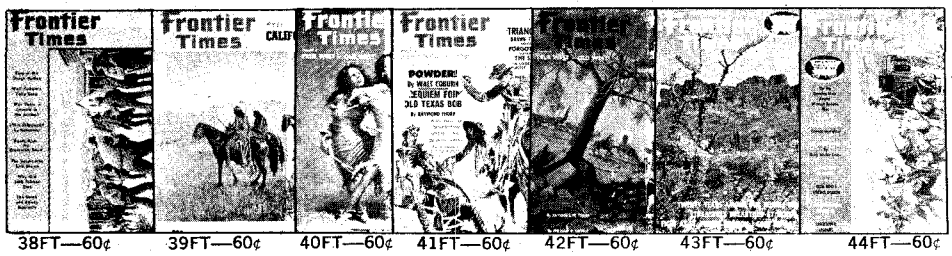

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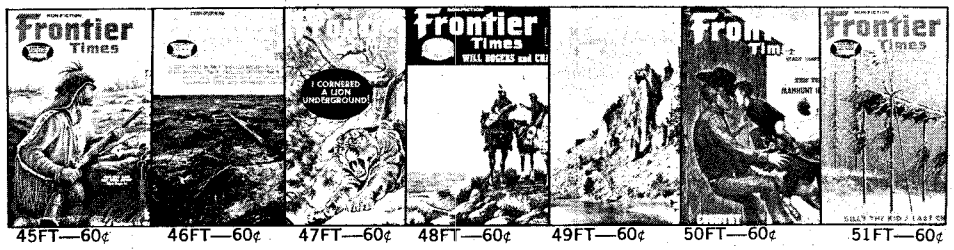

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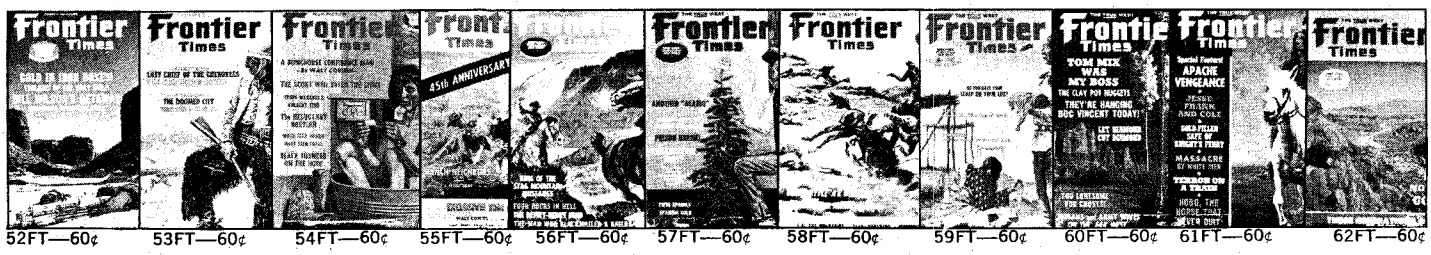

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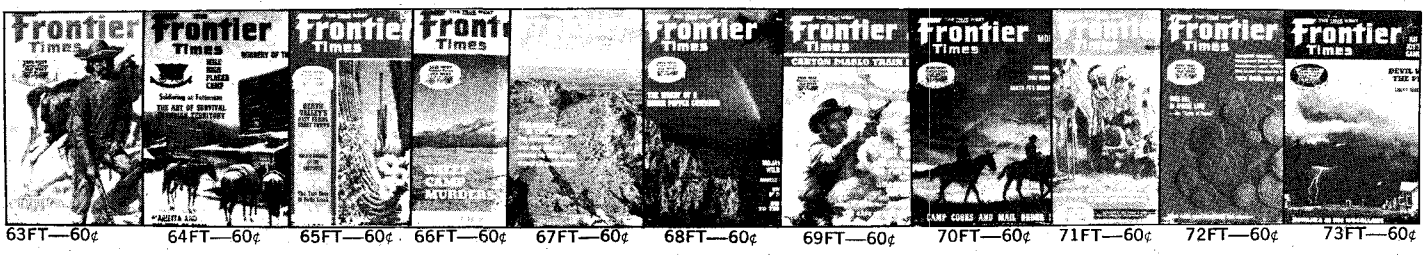

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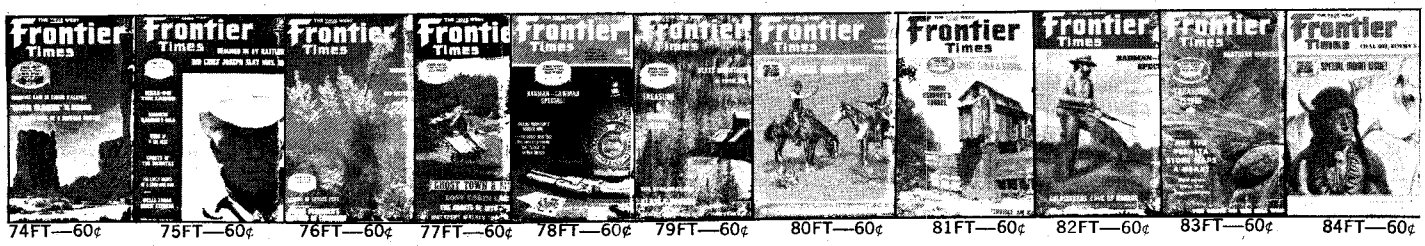

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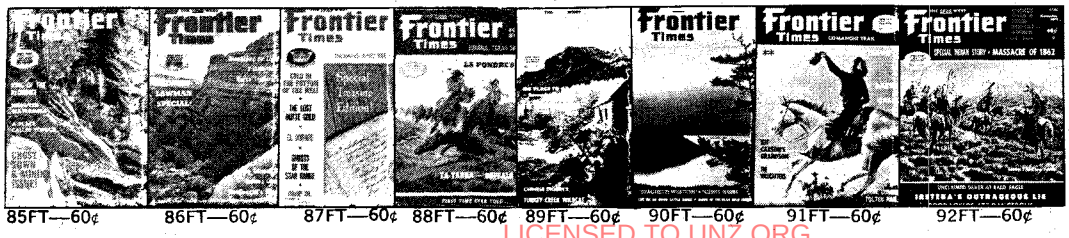

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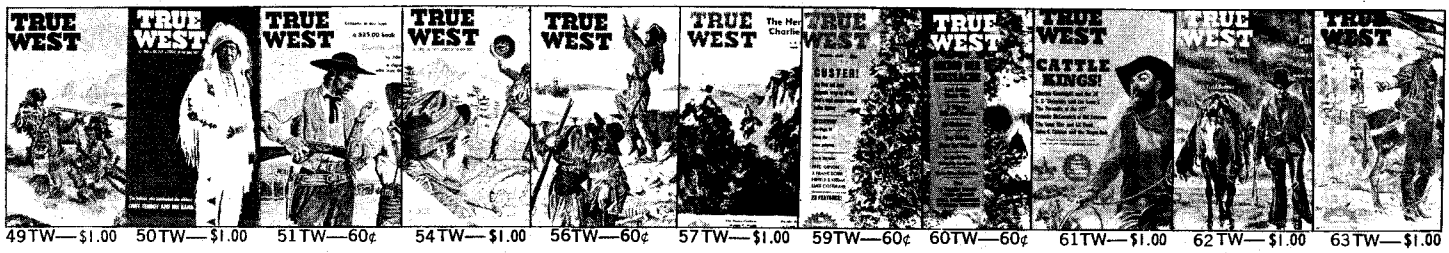

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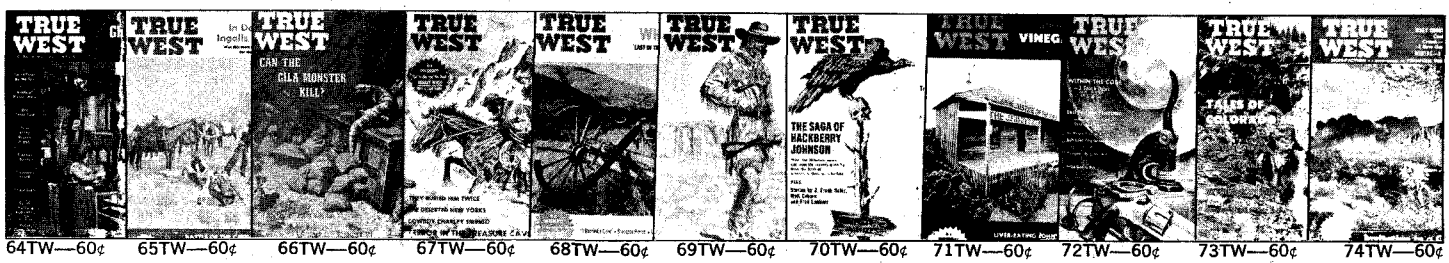

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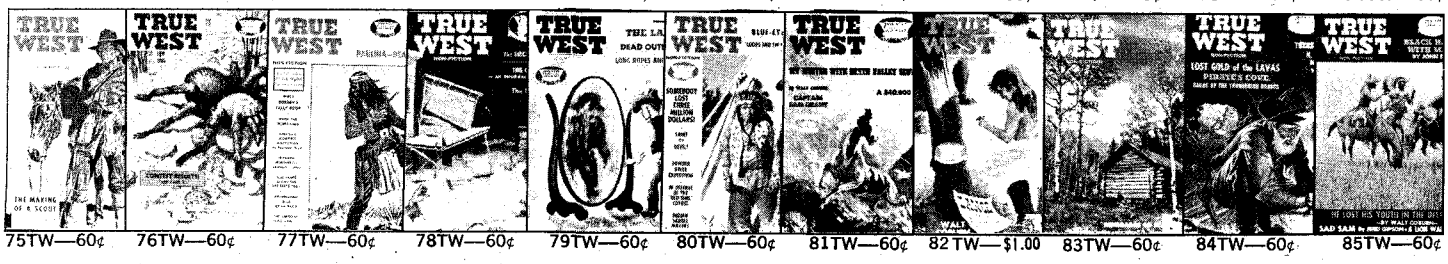

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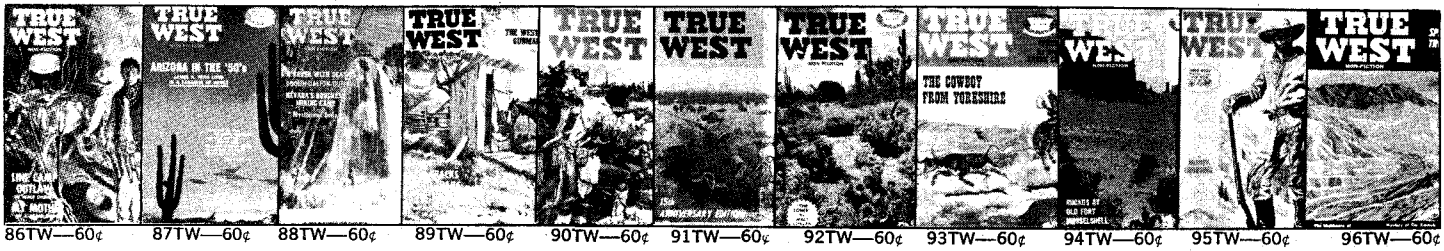

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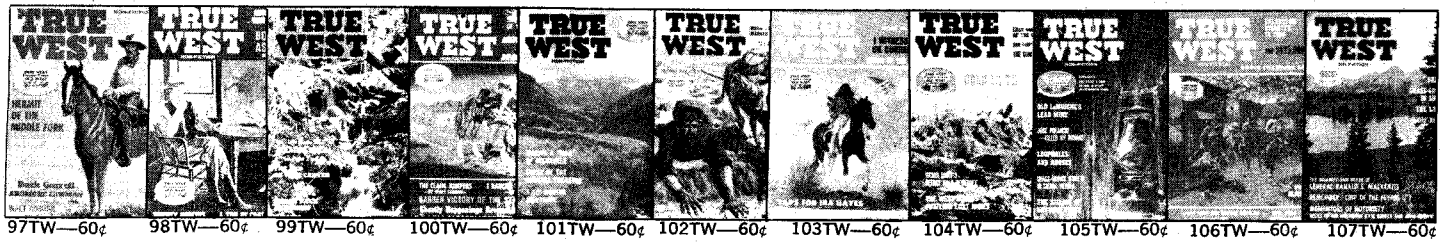

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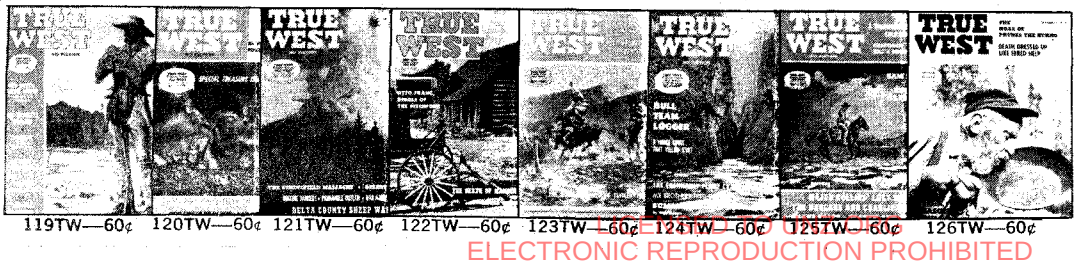

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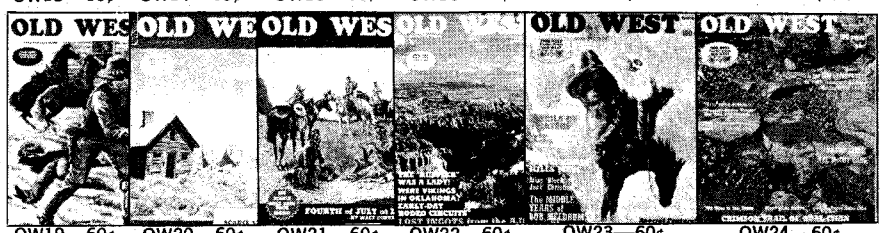

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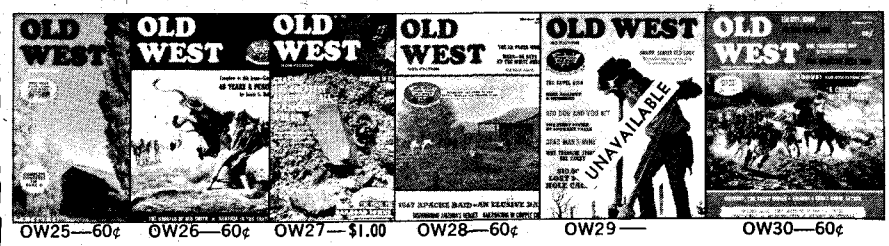

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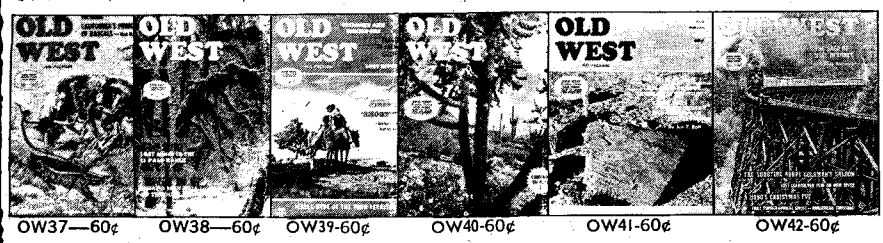

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when Payson's ears perked up and he said, "Dad, someone is coming."

Both of us sat and listened as a truck made its way up the rocky road from the highway below. Ten minutes later it stopped and a voice called out, "Mr. Ripley, I had a call that some kind of emergency has come up in your office at Santa Fe. They want you to come back immediately."

I said "Hell!", then thanked the man, and Payson and I returned to Santa Fe.

The emergency not having materialized, the next day we drove back to Pilar and re-entered the adobe house. As we did so my son pointed to a corner of the room and said, "Gosh, Dad, look at that!" There was a hole in the wooden floor about six inches wide and fifteen inches deep. The dirt from the hole was intact on the floor beside it and upon examination would have filled only six inches of the fifteen-inch depth, indicating that an object six inches wide and nine deep had been in the hole below the dirt. The hole in the wooden floor had been made by drilling a circular series of holes in the board and then knocking the wooden center out.

What had been in the hole? Was it part of Santiago's hoard? Who watched us and had us called away? Inquiry among the Spanish people in Pilar invoked the response, "*Quien sabe?*"

Never by Chance

(Continued from page 31)

houses and had consumed all his money. Broke, Wilmore left for Arizona, returning years later to discover that much of the land on which he had hoped to build his city was prospering under the name of Long Beach. He died an inmate of the County Poor Farm and was buried in an unmarked grave.

Wilmore City and the Bixby Ranch were three miles from the closest section of rail in the Southern Pacific line linking Wilmington and Los Angeles. Judge Widney, who had shared Wilmore's dream, built a small horse car line to connect the "city" to the railroad. Hurriedly built of redwood ties laid on the ground and covered by parallel three-inch scantlings that served as rails, the line carried a couple of little wooden cars, each drawn by one horse. During the days when hopes for Wilmore City still were high, so many people crowded into the cars on their way to the land auctions held on The Hill that the flimsy rails would break and the passengers had to get out and help push. People dubbed the line GOP—the "Get Out and Push" Railroad.

Judge Widney switched from scantlings to scrap-iron rails and in a burst of enthusiasm even purchased a little second-hand steam engine. Predictably, the railroad stayed true to its name; when the load was heavy, passengers still had to get out and push. It was not until 1887 when the Southern Pacific Railroad Company purchased Judge Widney's "line" and began sending regular trains, that the spur became reliable.

OIL in California was discovered by the Indians. "Capatote" they called

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the smelly black asphaltum which seeped from tiny natural fissures in the ocean floor and washed up along the beaches as far north as Point Conception. They made use of it, too. The tar waterproofed their canoes and baskets, helped join barbs and arrow shafts, provided needed ballast against the ocean breezes for their grass skirts, and was a briskly moving item of trade with the oil-less tribes on Catalina Island.

The Spaniards called this tar *la brea*. They used it to roof their buildings. It kept the rain out but proved incendiary when a band of Indians from Imperial Valley attacked, shooting fire arrows. The Spaniards rebuilt with nonflammable tile.

During the Mission period, two members of the prominent Pico family invented the method of cooking *la brea* in a crude vessel outdoors, on their ranch in San Fernando. distilling kerosene for the padres' lamps and axle grease for their peons' ox-carts. This primitive refinery operated years before Colonel E. L. Drake drilled America's first oil well near Titusville, Pennsylvania in 1859.

It was not until 1916 or 1917 that the first well was drilled on The Hill. Union Oil Company took the risk, punching down to 3,449 feet at Wardlow Road and Long Beach Boulevard. Just short of the oil pool that lay beneath, they abandoned the shaft, called Bixby Number One, in disgust.

As early as 1919 Standard Oil's geologist had filed a favorable report on the potential of Signal Hill, but the company made no effort to follow up the recommendation due to its rigid policy of avoiding town-lot oil plays.

During the transition period from war to peace following the Armistice of 1918, the federal government inaugurated an open door policy, encouraging foreign investment to finance exploration for petroleum inside the United States. Royal Dutch Shell, an oil company controlled by British and Dutch interests, accepted the invitation, gambling $60,000 on a lease of 240 acres of the southeast flank of The Hill.

Many were skeptical but D. H. Stromberg, a Shell geologist who remembered seeing many sea beds with tinted sea shells on The Hill when he was a boy playing there, suspected that the large homes and little truck farms in the area might be situated on the crest of an oil-bearing geologic anticline.

The pusher in charge of drilling was O. T. "Happy" Yowell, one of the best men in the business. At first, Shell's test well drew more ridicule than interest from rival oilmen. The president of one major oil company went so far as to boast he would drink every drop of oil Shell found in Signal Hill. Shell's own executive geologist, Dr. Pleken, hearing his company had begun drilling on The Hill, canceled a planned trip to Salt Lake City and rushed down to stop the drilling. Fortunately, Dr. Pleken was too late.

Drilling proceeded without a single cave-in or twist-off to belie Happy Yowell's nickname. When he took a punch barrel core at 2,724 feet and found definite indications of oil and gas, Shell began leasing additional acreage on Signal Hill. That was the tip-off to Shell's competitors. Despite their attempts at secrecy, word leaked out that something big was on at Signal Hill and the rush started for one of history's most fantastic explorations.

In those days oilmen feared that circulating mud, an essential part of the rotary drilling process, might seal off oil-bearing sands. Cautiously, Yowell ran a casing and brought in an old-fashioned cable tool rig to finish the well. Three weeks later, in another test, seventy feet of oil was found in a hole with very strong indications of gas.

After three months of drilling to the day—June 23, 1921—the old cable tools pierced the earth at 3,114 feet. Five hundred people had stood vigil during the night watching anxiously. Just before dawn the wildcat blew.

By sunrise 15,000 people had crowded around the gusher, yelling, laughing, staring up at the fountain of oil. The eruption from the wooden derrick of Alamitos Number One raged out of control until four a.m., June 25, when to the cheering of the ever-present spectators Shell Oil crewmen capped the flow. Placed "on stream," the new well's yield began at 500 barrels per day, later almost tripling that amount.

For a time Signal Hill became a typical boom town. The men working the big machinery of the oil rigs and drilling equipment came off the job keyed up from danger and exhaustion. Usually they washed their throats down with alcohol before wiping the grime off their faces. They played hard and spent wildly. Scenting money, gamblers and B-girls swarmed into town. Dance halls, honky-tonks, pool houses, and saloons proliferated. Violence and noise and the smell of oil hung in the air day and night.

Since Signal Hill's oil field was discovered in 1921, it has been tapped by some 1,000 wells, many of them long abandoned. Oil still is being produced, but not in the record-making gushes of the '20s.

The oil companies have already released some surface rights and as of this moment newly planted trees and shrubbery are rooted in the soil, and new growth is beginning. When completed, the project will give Signal Hill a greener, richer look than it had on the day William Wilmore first dreamed of creating a city there.

Beholden to a Sheepherder

(Continued from page 27)

They never come after him; they just waited till he showed up in town for supplies and talked it over with him. Seemed like everytime court set, Tex was on trial for something. He most always pleaded his own case, and had plenty of witnesses. They couldn't seem to pin anything on him.

In the winter time in Wyoming you had to have two things for sure—grub and something to keep from freezing to death. Most folks hauled wood from the mountains every summer, but that country was full of coal under the ground, same as it was oil. You could see it sticking out of the banks along most any

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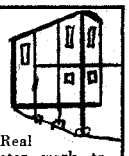

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creek. Most of it exposed to the weather wasn't good until you dug in a-ways, then you got good coal.

There was a coal bank on Sherwood Creek at the end of where I had filed on my homestead. Tex and I had been up and looked at it. Somebody had been hauling coal from it, and looked like they had blowed out a lot with dynamite.

We went home and next day hooked up four horses to the wagon and headed for the coal bank. There was no road. We had to go up a draw to the top of the divide, then down a ridge to Sherwood Creek. It wasn't far—about twelve miles. We got to the coal bank about the middle of the morning. It was pretty cloudy. We had had two or three storms already.

We unhooked the horses and tied them to the wagon, then got the picks and waded into that coal bank. We didn't need any shovels, we just threw in the biggest chunks. We could bust them up when we got home. When we'd get a real big chunk pried loose, we'd throw it in the wagon together.

We stopped for a while and ate some cold beef and sourdough biscuits we'd brought along. Big-hearted Tex felt sorry for the horses and turned them loose to graze. He said we'd catch them in a little while and tie them up.

WE WENT BACK to digging coal, and worked to beat the band. I guess we was so busy digging I never thought about those darn horses we'd turned loose, and neither did Tex. We didn't even see the clouds until it started to snow, and then it was too late.

The wind was coming up and it looked like one of those three-day blizzards Wyoming was noted for, looking us right in the face. We didn't say anything, we just looked at each other and put on our coats. Guess we was both thinking the same thing.

Darn Tex, he was always turning something loose. He'd even turn a half-broke saddle horse loose he was riding and let it set him afoot so it could eat, just because he was hungry hisself.

Boy, that blizzard was sure on top of us. Were you ever twelve miles from home in a blizzard, afoot? Well we were, and we did what anyone else would of done. We started walking. If you never lived in Wyoming and got caught in a blizzard, be sure you don't. If you've got a horse, you've got a chance. A horse nine times out of ten will take you home, if you give him his head, or he'll take you *someplace*—but afoot in a blizzard, oh boy!

Most all the ranches had a wire from the house to the corrals. People used the wire to guide them during a blizzard so they could feed the livestock and not get lost. Don't kid yourself—there was plenty that never got back to the house.

If you've got to go some place, don't start in a blizzard. It's hard to keep going in the direction you want to go, everyone seems to go in a circle. If we lived on the creek we could have followed down the creek, but we were across the divide from Sherwood Creek so we had to try and go in the shortest direction across the divide.

Boy, that wind was sure blowing and howling, and we had to face darn near straight into it. Every once in a while we'd hit little washes drifted full of snow, and fall in and have to climb out. It was dark before we knew it. We kept on, bent into that wind and snow. A man can stand a lot, I'll tell you. In those days seemed like a man never needed fixing. I thank God everytime I think how strong He made me. Tex and me both had plenty of that go-ahead in us. We knew where we wanted to get, but couldn't tell if we was headed in the right direction or not. We just kept going.

I was getting pretty tired, and was thinking how tough Tex was. I didn't know he was tired until we floundered into a draw kinda out of the wind and he said, "Let's set down and rest awhile, Ed. I can't hardly drag my legs." Oh boy, it was cold. You don't want to stop long in a blizzard in Wyoming or before you know it you get sleepy and when you doze off, you're done. You never wake up.

We talked awhile trying to figure out our location. We figured if we followed down the draw, we'd come to the creek and could get some wood and build a fire and keep from freezing to death. We started down the draw. Following a draw blown full of snow is a hard job even for somebody that ain't worn out. It was full of wash-outs, and everytime we fell in one we'd have a harder time getting out. We both knowed if we ever did stop we was done for, so a feller don't stop till he's all done.

FINALLY it happened. Tex fell in a bad one and wouldn't try to get up. I pulled on him and tried to get him to his feet. He couldn't talk—he just kept mumbling, "Go on, Ed. Take care of yourself. You kin come back and get me later."

I don't know how, but I finally got him over my shoulder and floundered and stumbled on down the draw. Everytime I fell down I was slower getting going again. I finally went down with Tex on top of me, and I knowed I couldn't make it to my feet. I just laid still.

After a while I thought I could hear dogs a-barking. I kept listening and, sure enough, it *was* dogs. I tried to yell and set up. Then I heard them bark some more. I got on my feet but kept falling down, 'cause I couldn't get one foot ahead of the other. I'd try and yell and get up, but would fall down again.

I was crawling along blind when I finally fell over a wagon tongue. Even that close I couldn't see the light in that sheep wagon. The herder came out and took me inside. He was a Portuguese and couldn't talk much English. He had the dogs inside out of the storm, that's why I could hardly hear them.

I couldn't open my mounth, but made him understand that Tex was up the draw. Him and the dogs went out and brought Tex in. We was both frozen pretty badly in spots. If you ever get your ears, feet or nose frozen, be sure you don't let them thaw you out where it's warm, always get snow when you can. It it's your feet, get up and walk around in the snow till they thaw out. Your nose or ears can have some snow held on them

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till they thaw out. It sure tingles when they first start coming alive and, Oh boy, do they burn for awhile after they've thawed. If you thaw noses and ears out, the way that Portuguese sheepherder did mine and Tex's, they won't fall off.

I never had much use for sheep outfits or sheepherders—the feeling was the same with all cowboys in those days. It hadn't been long since we was fighting each other, killing, burning, and hating. Wyoming was just beginning to show signs of law and order after the Invasion. The cattlemen and sheepmen's war was about over. Looked like the sheep was there to stay; the hate was still there too.

I had worked for Tex through most of it all. I knowed he never pulled any punches. Me and him had helped burn plenty sheep wagons together, and plenty that was done was laid at his doorstep, but never proven. Tex sure hated sheep or anybody that worked with them. I stayed away from them and tried to forget my hate. I had found out that mutton was good to eat a few times when I was hungry, but I was careful not to let anyone catch me eating it.

There was kind of a feeling, inside me that night, when that sheepherder was working over me and Tex, that took all the hate out of me. I laid there on his bed thinking back when I was a kid. It's funny when a feller gets in a tight spot—things flash through his mind, sometimes his whole life.

While I laid there I even recalled a little of the Lords Prayer my mother taught me. "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He leadeth me to lay down in green pastures." That was all I could remember. But as I opened my eyes, I could almost see a halo around that sheepherder's head. He had saved our lives, and after that I figured he had just as much right there as I did.

Tex and me got all right, but that trip didn't do either one of us any good, outside of I found out Tex would eat mutton. In our talks later on we used to try to figure out what caused so much hate in the human race, but we didn't come up with anything—and I still don't know.

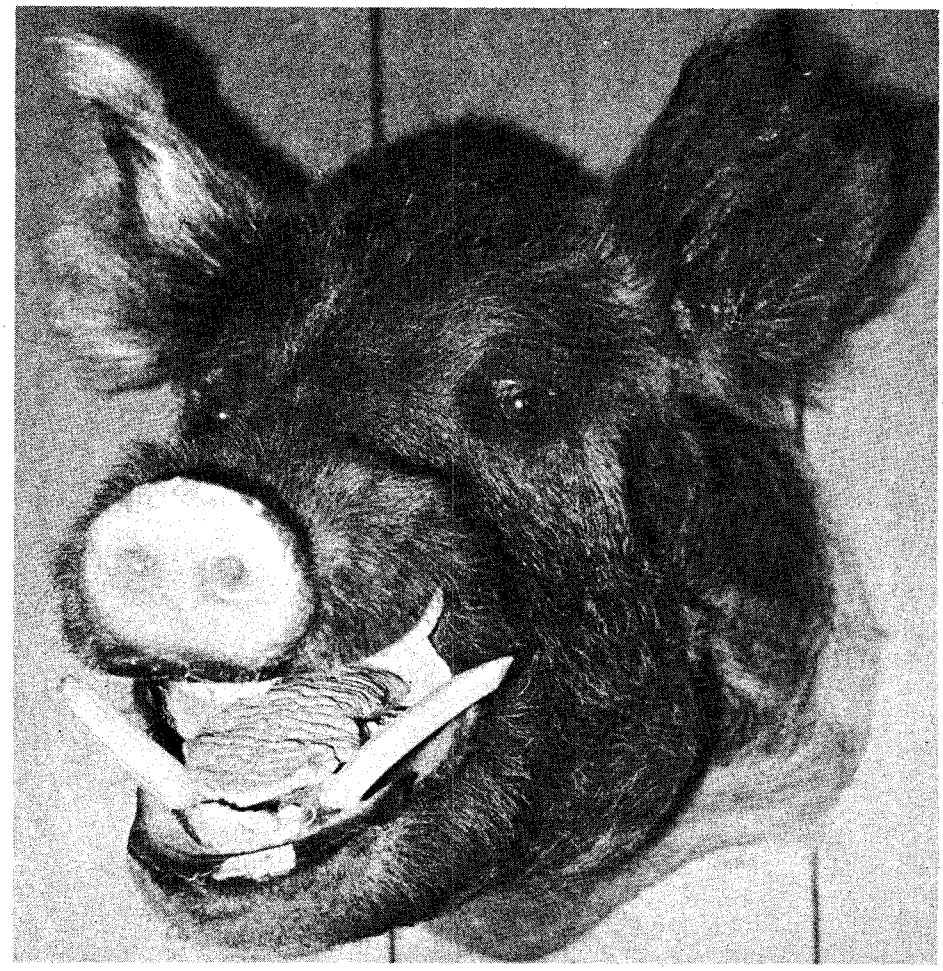
Razorbacks

(Continued from page 26)

sows would keep running at him. The only time the dog ever worked anywhere else was when a hog quit the bunch. Then it was his job to stop the hog and bring him back.

Some dogs would catch a bunchquitter by the ham. When the hog wheeled to fight, he'd be facing the bunch, and the dog would get out of the way and usually the hog would come on back. Other dogs would just stop the hog by fighting close. If he didn't come back, one of the riders would go help. If a hog wouldn't come back any other way, a good dog could catch and hold a pretty big specimen until a rider got there and got a rope on it and drug it back to the bunch.

Some dogs caught the loose hide just back of the foreleg, but most of them just fastened onto an ear. Either way they had to stay right against a hog's side or get cut up. Catching wasn't encouraged unless it was a case of have-to because it was too dangerous for the dog. This was mostly when dogs got cut up and killed.

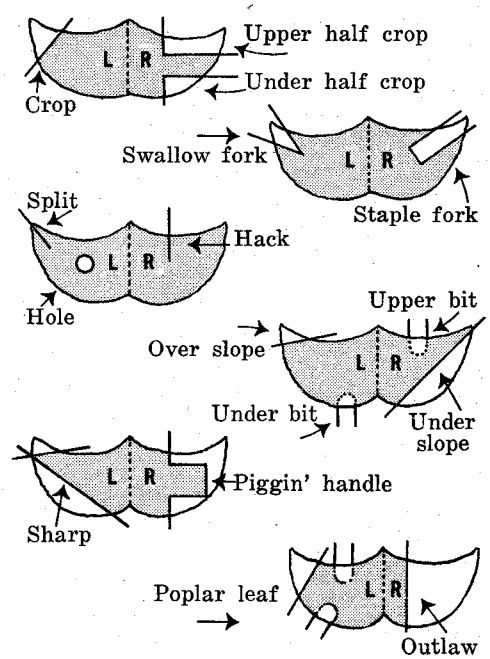


Front view of the old barrow on opening page.

NEARLY EVERYBODY built a pen somewhere on their hog range, and a bunch very seldom had to be drove more than two or three miles. After they was penned, the big hogs was separated from the pigs and shoats before the work was started. A man could keep a sow kicked off, but the bar's and the males was too dangerous in a close place. The pigs and shoats was marked and the males castrated and sometimes vaccinated against cholera. Their tails was bobbed off to show they'd had the shot. When this was tended to, if there was any hogs to be kept, they was separated, and the others was turned out to go back to their usual range.

Another plus in old Razorback's favor was being easy to mark for identification. A man registered his earmark at the county courthouse just as he did his cow brand, and the state laws was about the same for each. Biggest difference was, a cow brand could only be registered once to a county, but a hog mark could be registered ever few miles. These marks wasn't something just arbitrarily cut in a hog's ear. An ear mark was a definite shaped cut that had a name and was easily recognizable. Cattle would be marked the same way.

Here's some of the most common shapes and what they're called:



Some of these marks (combined) left a hog's ear in such a definite shape that instead of a man saying, "I mark with a over and under slope in the left; and a crop, upper and under half crop

(Continued on page 64)

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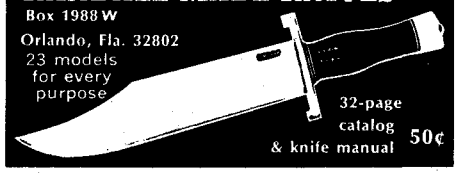

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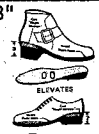

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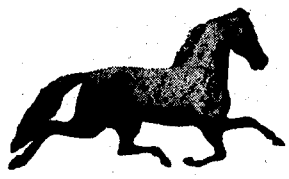

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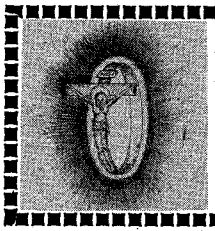

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in the right," he'd say, "I mark with a sharp in the left and a piggin' handle in the right." The outlaw mark couldn't be registered for obvious reasons. When it showed up on a hog you could bet somebody's mark had been cut off.

The state legislature passed a law in 1943 that all marks had to be re-registered and since then over 3,000 hog marks have been registered in Liberty County alone. Hell only knows the total of all the East Texas counties.

A MAN would rather not have any mark but his in a bunch, but on open range this was impossible. Pigs was marked in the sow's mark they was following and not many mistakes was made, but sometimes a weaned shoat was mismarked. Usually after this was noticed the mark was just left as it was and the owner was told about it. Lots of times the man that owned the mark would buy or trade for the shoat to get it straightened out. If he didn't, the hog was remembered and, if a bar', was brought out to the owner when big enough to eat. If a sow, her pigs would be marked for the owner when she littered.

The boars that were left to breed wouldn't stay with any one bunch but would be with first one or another over maybe a twelve- or fifteen-mile range. Hunters tried to leave them alone as they was dangerous to dogs, horses, and men. I know of one man, one bear, and I guess a dozen dogs, being killed by Razorback boars—and I don't know how many dogs and men being cut up.

In my estimation, outside the bigger breeds of bear, a three- or four-year-old Razorback boar is the most dangerous animal on the North or South American continent. He don't want to fight and will usually go on off if allowed to, but that ain't a hard and fast rule. He's not afraid; it's more that he just don't want to bother to tangle unless he's threatened some way, or he has to take on another boar when he's following a sow.

He's so dangerous because he's strong and quick, and his tushes are weapons he uses to perfection. These tushes, ivory they are, grow out of his lower jaw. They grow as long as he lives, and are kept sharp by two teeth that grow sideways out of his upper jaw. Whetters these are called. When a boar fights, he opens his mouth and throws his head sideways and up, and then jerks it back. Lots of times this leaves two cuts, one from the tush and one from the whetter. He's at his peak as a fighter from about two years old, when his tushes are an inch and a half long, to about six years old when he's big enough to lose a little of his quickness and his tushes get long enough to curl back some and not hit straight in.

A Razorback will eat most anything to survive but, like most folks, he's got druthers. He'd druther have mast—acorns, pecans etc.—but he don't refuse roots, grass, fish, snakes, fawns, calves, crawfish, carrion, bird eggs, prickly pear, frogs or anything else he can chew up and swallow. If there's enough of it, he'll do good on most anything. Snake bites don't bother him, and he'll generally eat all the snakes he runs across. There's been a big increase in rattlers in the woods around home since the hogs thinned out.

Hogs had very few natural enemies in Southeast Texas. Panther got a few, but this critter moved out when the country went to settling up. Wolves would catch a pig or shoat occasionally, but they had enough other game without facing a fighting sow. Bear probably got a good many but I've heard too many yarns about them coming to hogs penned up to believe they could catch hogs in the woods very well. Maybe small pigs, but bear wasn't much at stalking, and I know they couldn't run down even a small shoat—a hog's too quick and dodgy.

Cholera was about the only thing that would really kill a bunch off. Until we got a good cheap vaccine against it, it'd kill 99 out of 100 when it come through the country.

I don't believe you could have built a better food animal than old Razorback was. They was hardy, needed little tending to, furnished meat, soap and grease—and all it cost was the salt to cure the meat, and a little work.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 6)

of British Columbia. There he engaged in a backwoods romance which ended in marriage to a Canadian logger's daughter. Their romance continued throughout life, first in Canada and later in Ketchikan, Alaska where they lived in a succession of motor-powered house boats. Lumbermen will marvel at Jackson's success as a lone worker in handlogging giant trees, often five to seven feet in diameter. These trees were handcut along precipices overhanging deep glaciated channels where they plunged into the icy waters and were latched together as rafts and towed to the nearest sawmills. The Jacksons' meat supply was hunted in the woods and marshes. Bear, deer, elk, mountain sheep and goats were common fare, along with fish caught off their boats. Winter fur trapping augmented summer logging income. Also they tried their luck at placer mining for gold but never struck it rich. Risks were a part of daily living but the Jacksons were lucky with many near misses with crashing logs, wounded grizzlies, and boat mishaps.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 42)

only about 90 families of Suggetts in the United States.—William "Bill" D. Suggett, Jr., P. O. Box 536, Verdi, Nevada 89439

Hendricksen-Johnson

I would like to hear from any descendants of my mother's uncle, H. Hendricksen, and cousin, Ole Johnson, whose address in 1893 was 71 Winland Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He was working at that time in a saw mill.—Magnus Petersen, Pilger, Nebraska 68768

"Pop" Sherman

I am looking for information about Joseph L. Sherman, often referred to as "Pop" Sherman. His wife was Florence Ethel Sherman, born February 4, 1875, died November 20, 1957 at age eighty-two. Last known address was 529 S. Terrace Avenue, Porterville, California. If still living, approximate age would be ninety.

Anyone with information concerning Joseph L. (Pop) Sherman, please write. —Carl B. Jones, Box 702, Neland, California 92257

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"I already gave him cod liver oil, black strap molasses, snake oil and boiled cactus root! What does he need a doctor for?"

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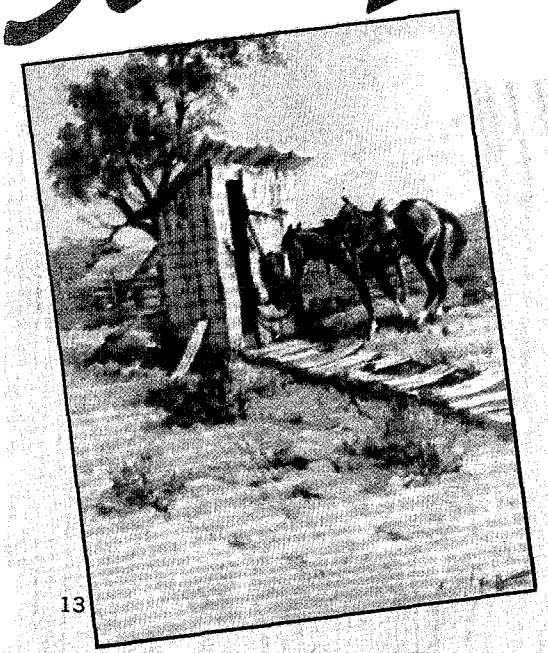
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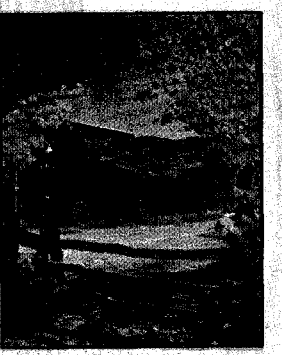
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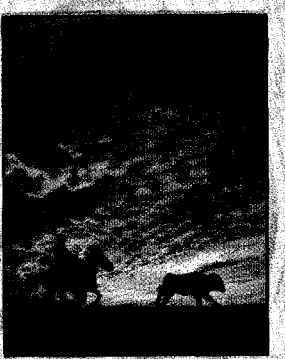
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